

The Academy

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The Literary Week.

It is a safe prediction that the year 1900 will be a year of war-books. Not in recent times have the features of any war so played into the hands of the war-author as distinct from the war-journalist. The strict, though always wise, censorship which has been imposed on news from South Africa will act like a dam; when the war is over there will be a rush of diaries and histories—comparable to the Tugela in flood.

MR. JOHN MORLEY'S study of Cromwell in the *Century Magazine* is to have a companion in a study of Cromwell which will appear in *Scribner's*. The author of the *Scribner's* article is Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, one of the heroes of the Cuban War. Thus the work, says the advertisement, "will show a man of action in history as viewed by a younger man of action to-day." Mr. Morley is certainly put at a disadvantage in never having commanded a regiment of Rough Riders, but he may have compensating qualities.

A REVIEW of *David Harum* from Mrs. Craigie's pen will appear in the *North American Review* for January.

WE are sorry that Mr. Steevens, who has been pent in Ladysmith for many weeks, has been ill. By this time we trust he is himself again.

THE *Garden*, the excellent weekly paper devoted to garden, orchard, and woodland, which Mr. Robinson (author of the *English Flower Garden*) founded nearly thirty years ago, is, after this week, to be edited by Miss Gertrude Jekyll and Mr. E. T. Cook, late of *Gardening Illustrated*. Miss Jekyll is, of course, the author of *Wood and Garden*.

NEXT to the *Westminster Gazette's* witty and consoling epitaph on the soldiers imprisoned at Pretoria—

Not lost, but gone before—

the best humorous remark concerning the war is recorded in the *Birmingham Daily Mail*. It illustrates very richly the confidence a wife may have in her husband. A Reservist's wife, on being observed to look peculiarly thoughtful, was comforted for her loss. "Oh, it ain't 'im I'm troubling about," she is reported to have said. "It's them pore Boers. Bill's such a terror when he starts." Another Birmingham soldier is said to have thrown aside his rifle in the midst of a fray with the remark: "Here, Bill, you take my rifle. Just give me that brick-end, it'll be more homelike."

MR. LE GALLIENNE'S war poem in the *Chronicle* asks in the beginning rather too much of all but hyper-sentimental and sensitive readers. The poet, addressing little children, cries:

Be happy, children, softly, for a woe
Is on us, a great woe for little fame.
Ah! in the old woods leave the mistletoe,
And leave the holly for another year,
Its berries are too red.

This, of course, is too much: the colour red plays too great a part in everyday life. Mr. Le Gallienne might as rightly say:

Ah! leave Miss Cholmondeley for another year,
Her Pottage is too red.

But once this affectation is overlooked the poem is a very kindly one, with a note of pity and gentleness which has long been absent from warlike verse.

MR. THOMAS HARDY contributed the following poem to the *Westminster Gazette*:

A CHRISTMAS GHOST-STORY.

South of the Line, inland from far Durban,
There lies—be he or not your countryman—
A fellow-mortal. Riddled are his bones,
But 'mid the breeze his puzzled phantom moans
Nightly to clear Canopus—fain to know
By whom, and when, the All-Earth-Gladdening Law
Of Peace, brought in by Some-One crucified,
Was ruled to be inept, and set aside?

THE *Chronicle* demurred to the character of the phantom in this poem, as exhibiting less of the quality of physical courage, and more bitterness and repining, than is associated with soldiers, and this drew from Mr. Hardy a very interesting letter. We quote a portion of it:

One's modern fancy of a disembodied spirit—unless intentionally humorous—is that of an entity which has passed into a tenuous, impartial, sexless, fitful form of existence, to which bodily courage is a contradiction in terms. Having no physical frame to defend or sacrifice, how can he show either courage or fear? His views are no longer local; nations are all one to him; his country is not bounded by seas, but is co-extensive with the globe itself, if it does not even include all the inhabited planets of the sky. He has put off the substance, and has put on, in part at any rate, the essence of the Universal.

If we go back to the ancient fancy on this subject, and look into the works of great imaginative writers, they seem to construct their soldier-shades much on the same principle—often with a stronger infusion of emotion, and less of sturdiness. The Homeric ghost of Patroclus was plaintively anxious about his funeral rites, and Virgil's military ghosts—though some of them certainly were cheerful, and eager for war news—were as a body tremulous and pensive. The prophet Samuel, a man of great will and energy when on earth, was "disquieted" and obviously apprehensive when he was raised by the Witch of Endor at the request of Saul. Moreover, the authors of these Latin, Greek, and Hebrew fantasies were ignorant of the teaching of Christmas Day, that which alone moved the humble Natal shade to speak at all.

In Christian times Dante makes the chief *Farinata* exhibit a fine scornfulness, but even his *Cesar*, *Hector*, *Aeneas*, *Saladin*, and heroes of that stamp, have, if I am not mistaken, an aspect neither sad nor joyful, and only reach the level of serenity. Hamlet's father, impliedly martial in life, was not particularly brave as a spectre. In short, and speaking generally, these creatures of the imagination are uncertain, fleeting, and quivering, like winds, mists, gossamer-webs, and fallen autumn leaves; they are sad, pensive, and frequently feel more or less sorrow for the acts of their corporeal years

ANOTHER good poem growing from the war has been printed during the week. It will be harder to swallow than readers of war poetry like; but it is right. The author hides under the initials "H. H. F." This is the poem:

CONFESSIONAL.

Lord God, whom we besought so late,
Thou wouldst not suffer us forget
Thy Name and our weak human state—
Have patience, Lord, a little yet.

To-day no pomp of empire fills
The wintry land: amazed and awed
We watch Thy slowly-grinding Mills
Mete out to us our just reward.

To-day, by foemen sore beset,
Dismayed we draw our destined Lot.
We prayed to Thee "Lest we forget,"
And, even as we prayed, forgot.

With foolish, rash, vainglorious words
And sorry self-sufficiency
We boasted, girding on our swords,
As those who laid their armour by.

Wherefore the curse upon us lies
Of warriors all unready found,
Of braggarts blinded to despise
Their foe before the trumpets sound.

Humbly we call upon Thy Name,
Ere sounds once more the grim assault,
We do confess, O Lord, with shame
Our fault, our very grievous fault.

Give back our fathers' stern diadain
Of idle brag and empty boast,
So shall we stand erect again
And face unmoved the hostile host.

In the history of Children's Books the name of Mary Elizabeth Southwell Leathley, who died at Hastings, December 22, fills an honourable place. She was the daughter of George Dudley, of Clonmel. A Quaker by birth, she was received into the Roman Catholic Church in 1847 by Father Brownvill, S.J., of Hill-street, afterwards of Farm-street. She married, in the same year, Mr. William Henry Leathley, Barrister-at-Law, Inner Temple. Of the hundred and more children's books which Mrs. Leathley wrote the best known is *Chickweed without Chickweed*, which reached a sale of over half a million. Other popular books by her are *Children of Scripture* and *Mama's Bible Stories*.

THE following personal statement is made by Mr. Andrew Lang in his "Sign of the Ship," in *Longman's* for January:

When American humorists come to St. Andrews they generally ask people to point out to them the person of the present writer. Why they do this I cannot guess, but perhaps it is because they have seen my name in a newspaper. There are, however, local humorists who pick out any sufficiently eccentric-looking ancient, and say to the American inquirer: "That's him!" Then the American describes in his country's press the unconscious victim as me, with all his natural tact and wit. Next the English golfing press copies. That is why I read in some golf paper or other that I play golf "with a white ball in winter and a black ball in summer," and lunch publicly on scones which are carried round by my caddie. As I have not played golf for years, never carry scones or eat them in public, and, of all things, never played with a black ball, I conceive that someone has hoaxed the inquiring American. However, if his fables add to the gaiety of nations (which must he as easily amused as the friends of Mr. Peter Magnus), nobody is a penny the worse.

WE find ourselves to have been sharing in the misapprehension of America concerning Mr. Lang. It was

certainly our belief that golf had few more assiduous votaries (to use the kind of phrase that Mr. Lang most dislikes). His disclaimer is disturbing, especially as in *Who's Who* we find Mr. Lang himself giving his recreations as "cricket, golf, fishing." A recreation in which one has not indulged for years is a poor thing. Cricket, we suppose, is done with too; but fishing? Surely Mr. Lang still fishes; or is that another vulgar error?

MR. OLIVER HERFORD, who, though English, is fast winning a place as an American humorist, has another picture-book this year (in addition to his *Primer of Natural History*, which Mr. Lane publishes here), but it has not yet reached these shores. From a notice of this work, *An Alphabet of Celebrities*, in an American paper, we learn that it contains, among others, these couplets:

"I is for Ibsen reciting a play,
While Irving and Ingersoll hasten away";

and

"K is the Kaiser, who kindly repeats
Some original verses to Kipling and Keats";

to which appropriate pictures are, of course, supplied.

MR. GERALD R. MILLS writes: "On p. 751 of this week's ACADEMY you say, speaking of the Temple Classics, 'To this series, which will soon be as long as Wimpole-street, are added . . . ' Might I ask why Wimpole-street? The expression does not seem familiar." Our correspondent might have assumed that Wimpole-street has length, and have been satisfied. But to enlighten him further, we may refer to the traditional report of the dying words of Swift: "All things come to an end—even Upper Wimpole-street."

THE writer of the "Conferences on Books and Men" in *Cornhill* has this month some ingenious chaff of Mr. Gosse's method of "reducing poems by imaginative insight to the passionate events out of which they originally sprang," as exemplified in the *Life of Donne*. After complimenting Mr. Gosse on his skill, "Urbanus Sylvan" proceeds mischievously to apply the same method to the poems of Browning:

The first thing to strike a new critic in the search for biographical material is Mr. Browning's curious *penchant* for duchesses, which is every bit as remarkable as Donne's for countesses, only Browning's were not, of course, English duchesses, who are rare birds, but the more widely spread Italian species. One of them, a Ferrarese lady, is described as his *last duchess*, implying therefore at least two predecessors, one of whom was probably the duchess that ran away from the effeminate duke with a gipsy woman; who is thus seen to have been in league with Browning, if not, as I suspect, Browning himself in disguise. From a poem called "Love among the Ruins," it would appear that they had found a very safe and picturesque trysting-place. It is, however, neither of these but the first duchess of all who, I confess, attracts me most. Her story is contained in the poem called "In a Gondola!" She was a Venetian lady, whose brothers for some reason had a spite against Mr. Browning, and hired bravos to stab him—happily, as we know, without permanent effect. The poem is interesting, apart from its main story, for a stanza which throws a side-light upon the poem of Holy Cross Day:

What are we two!
I am a Jew
And carry thee farther than friends can pursue,
To a feast of our tribe.

To return once more to the *last duchess*, whom Mr. Browning seems to have got rid of with a suddenness that would have attracted more attention in England, I cannot make up my mind if she is identical with Porphyria, or whether Porphyria is another lady friend whom the poet helped to a too realistic immortality. Anyhow, the duel that is recorded in "Before" and "After" probably represents the violent end of this violent passion.

AFROPOS of Mr. Gosse, much honour has just been thrust upon him by the advertisers of Dr. Garnett's *Anthology of Literature*. In one of the full-page advertisements in a morning paper this week, Mr. Gosse's physiognomy figured twice—once over his own name, and once over Dean Farrar's. It is common knowledge that Mr. Gosse knows everyone, but it will be news that he is prepared to sit for their portraits.

To collectors and admirers of Mr. Phil May's talent and humour, *The Phil May Album*, which Messrs. Methuen have just issued, will be indispensable. Sometimes the excellence of Mr. May's jokes is not on a level with that of his hand; but in most of the specimens in this engaging book he is doubly funny. There is style in this dialogue between two rusty actors: "Comedian: 'The critic of the *Back Alley Chronicle* described me as giving a very saponaceous rendering to my part. What does saponaceous mean, dear boy?' Tragedian (with learned dignity): 'Cudgel not thy brains with words higher than thy blooming salary.'" And this is good: "Visitor: 'I hear you've had the celebrated Mr. Abbey, the artist, staying with you down here.' Proprietor of Old-fashioned Inn: 'Yes, sir; an' he be the *laziest* man I ever come across. He do nothing but dror and paint all day.'" Mr. Augustus M. Moore contributes an appreciative Introduction to the book.

To the divergent opinions on the subject of the duration of copyright which we have already printed we have a few to add. The questions we submitted to our readers, and by letter to a number of leading writers, were these: Is Perpetual Copyright, as proposed in America and as supported by Sir Walter Besant, feasible and desirable? If not, is the term of copyright proposed by Lord Monkhouse's Bill—viz., the author's life-time with thirty years added—sufficiently long to meet the all-round justice of the case? Mr. Augustus Jessopp writes:

As far as I can see my way, with these short-sighted eyes of mine, I incline to think the German limit [the author's life-time with thirty years added] ample. But I am quite in the dark—obfuscated, in fact. The analogy of "a house, or a mine, or a fishery," seems to be fallacious. A house always wants repairing, &c., or it ceases to be valuable, a mine is profitable so long as you keep working at it, a fishery has to be safeguarded against poachers, &c. These things are what *continual* labour expended upon them makes them. Moreover, I cannot see on what principle the posterity of a man who may have written, say, *Hamlet*, or *Paradise Lost*, or *The Coming of the Friars*, or other such equally meritorious creations, should be granted a perpetual pension to be paid by unnumbered generations. I have no posterity; therefore I write as an entirely impartial person, with the mood of a Nihilist or Communist at this present moment in the ascendant.

Sir Martin Conway writes:

Seeing that landlords and other owners of property are permitted to hand down from generation to generation, without limit of time, possessions originally only purchased, stolen, squatted on, or otherwise acquired, an author, who creates out of nothing a work of literature or art, should *à fortiori* possess for himself and his heirs, successors, and assigns, a right over his creation no less limited. The law places an author in a less favourable position than a landlord, because it was enacted for authors by landlords.

Mr. W. H. Mallock writes:

As a matter of equity I agree with what I gather to be Sir Walter Besant's opinion, that copyright ought to be perpetual. So I think ought patents to be, if it were not for the accidental reason that their perpetuity might interfere with independent but better inventions of a similar but superior kind. This objection, however, does not apply to books. I think the successive inheritors or

purchasers of copyright should be obliged to register their rights (paying some small fee) under pain of forfeiting them.

Mr. Herbert Thring writes:

The discussion in your paper with regard to perpetual copyright is very interesting to me as secretary to the Society of Authors.

There is one point, however, that seems to have escaped those gentlemen whom you have asked for their opinion.

Mr. Bernard Shaw considers perpetual copyright a piece of rapacious impudence.

Mr. Courtney thinks a book is a national possession, and the other writers seem to think that the public has a certain claim, after a certain date, to the author's property. This point, then, is clear, from the expressed opinions, that literary property belongs either to the author and his descendants, or to the public "after a certain term." If these opinions are carried to their logical conclusion, then the public should reap the benefit financially as well as intellectually.

Non-copyright books should be published subject to State jurisdiction; and when the publisher had received a fair recompense on his outlay, then the public ought to receive the balance.

It appears to me extraordinary that none of your contributors have taken into account the fact that neither the public nor the author's descendants reap the benefit, but the publishers.

Do I understand that it is the general opinion of literary men that the profits arising from the judicious administration of literary property should belong to the publisher, rather than the author's representative or the public?

Two belated replies to our inquiry as to the most interesting books of 1899 have just reached us. Archdeacon Sinclair gives Mr. Kipling's *The Day's Work* (which, properly speaking, belongs to 1898) and Mr. Trevelyan's *Age of Wycliffe*. Mr. Bernard Shaw writes: "Apologies for omitting to post you the card about the favourite books of the year. Left it behind in London. My selection was Tolstoy's *Resurrection* and Kropotkin's *Memoirs of a Revolutionist*. It is now too late; but I send this as a guarantee of goodwill, if not for publication."

MR. BERNARD SHAW, by the way, has, in the *Young Man*, been writing optimistically concerning national culture, in spite of the poor state of the drama. In fact, the state of the drama proves nothing. "For example," he says,

Shakespeare's theatre was superior to ours. Near Shakespeare's theatre, however, was the bear-pit where Sackerson was baited. Now if Sackerson's audience had left him and come to Shakespeare's Theatre, a very startling decline in the quality of the drama there would have been quite consistent with a still more remarkable advance in the culture of the audience that was once Sackerson's. If the people for whom our managers are now catering are those who formerly either went to cock-fights, sing-songs, "Judge and Jury," the Chamber of Horrors, and the like, or else never went anywhere outside the routine of home and business, then the national gain is great, even though the theatre has ceased to be any place for superior persons like myself. It is now about fifteen years since I last visited a penny gaff in a leading East End thoroughfare. I do not know whether such a thing exists to-day in such a position. I do know that the very silliest compound of stale romance, cant and snobbery, or the coarsest farce to be found at a suburban theatre, is better than the entertainment at that gaff. The truth is, a decline in the quality of the fare at the best commercial theatres may actually be a symptom of progress, if at the same time the lowest forms of entertainment are disappearing.

THE Christmas Catalogue of the *Newsagent and Booksellers' Review* is a very useful guide to current literature. But it will be prized by many persons as much for its striking cover, which is both a clever design and a very successful example of colour printing.

A BUST of Heinrich Heine, executed at Rome by the Danish sculptor Hasselrüs, will shortly dignify the poet's tomb at Père Lachaise. The identity of the commissioner of the bust remains a mystery, both to the artist and the public, but probability points to the late Empress Elizabeth of Austria. Heine was her favourite poet, and on a former occasion she employed Hasselrüs, through the agency of another, to chisel a full-length statue of him. Hasselrüs had no notion that the work was for the Empress. Long afterwards, however, during a visit to Her Majesty at her magnificent Villa Achilleion, at Corfu, he came across his own statue among a host of others, and thus was the secret revealed.

"O. O." writes in the *Sketch*: "An American lady has been paying a visit to Mr. Meredith. She was very much impressed by his noble and dignified appearance. 'I had expected to find an old and feeble man, and was warned in advance to make my visit short, and, above all, to try and slip away without putting him to the pain of seeing me out. But he does not look old at all. His eyes are bold and clear, and he has the voice and the laugh of youth. 'No wonder,' I thought to myself—indeed, I may have said it—'no wonder that he can tell a love-story better than any living author.'"

Bibliographical.

THE publication of a new edition of the *Œuvres de Molière*, and the presentation of his *Festin de Pierre* in English, make one reflect upon the extent to which the dramatist and his work have in recent times been popularised in this country. Just twenty years ago the little biographical and critical monograph by Mrs. Oliphant and Mr. Tarver effected a good deal in this direction. Within the last two decades the translation of Molière's plays into English have been tolerably numerous. A volume of selected plays appeared in 1888. Then a version of the comedies, made by Charles Matthews (edited by G. T. Bellamy), was published in the Minerva Library in 1890. Four years later came (from America) a translation, in four volumes, by one Wormeley. In 1895 the late Mr. W. H. Sonley-Johnstone contributed a translation of certain of his comedies to a library of foreign classics. Separate versions of *Les Fourberies de Scapin*, *Les Femmes Savantes*, and *Les Précieuses Ridicules* came out two years ago. The late Henry Morley made a useful selection of plays adapted from or founded on Molière, which was issued in 1883 and again in 1893. The latest of the English dramatists to adapt from Molière was, I should say, Mr. Robert Buchanan, whose "Agnes," founded on "L'École des Femmes," was produced in London in 1885.

I read that Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co., the American publishers, announce a new edition of Mr. Swinburne's poems, "revised and re-arranged by the author," who may prefix to it a new essay on his work. I have reason to believe that that essay was begun, if not finished, some little time ago. Would the edition be published in England, where Messrs. Chatto & Windus issue all Mr. Swinburne's volumes? I have, I think, suggested before now in this column that the poems of Mr. Swinburne should be made more accessible to the great public by a substantial lowering of their price. Personally I should like to see a liberal selection from the lyrics and sonnets issued in the form of half-a-dozen cheap and handy volumes. This selection would be addressed to the average English reader, and would therefore contain none of the semi-political poems. In my opinion Mr. Swinburne's poetry has yet to be popularised. So far as I can gather, his verse is read but little by the young, and not at all by the

middle-aged, save when an occasional fugitive poem attracts them.

The latest to discourse on Tennyson's poetry is Mr. Frederic Harrison, and I suppose the subject will always have attractions for the literary mind. If, however, I might advise the younger students of the bard, it would be to urge them to begin with his earlier rather than with his later critics. I would suggest that they should start with the essays on Tennyson written by Arthur Hallam (recently reprinted by Mr. Le Gallienne), George Brimley, W. Caldwell Roscoe, Charles Kingsley (in his *Miscellanies*), R. H. Hutton, and J. Hutchinson Stirling. E. C. Tainsh's *Studies* should be read, because they were more or less "authorised" by the poet. Stedman's *Victorian Poets* should not be forgotten, and even in Mr. Austin's *Poetry of the Period* there are some suggestive comments. After these have been exhausted, the young student can turn to more recent fare—if he is not already more than satisfied.

A literary gossip has reminded us that on Saturday last Dr. Samuel Smiles completed his eighty-third year. Though an old man, Dr. Smiles is in the fortunate position of not having outlived his reputation. It is many a long day since his chief literary successes were first made, but all his books have maintained their popularity. No longer ago than December, 1897, Mr. Murray issued cheap uniform editions of *Self-Help*, *Character*, *Duty*, *Thrift*, *Life and Labour*, *Men of Invention and Discovery*, *Industrial Biography*, *Jasmin*, *Josiah Wedgwood*, *Thomas Edward*, and *A Boy's Voyage Round the World*. The latest edition of *The Huguenots of France* bears the date of 1893. One may add that even if *Self-Help* and its companions had gone out of print, they might have been described as still living in the persons of the many imitations to which they have given birth from time to time.

Messrs. Putnam announce a volume on *The Stage as a Career*, and I fancy the author will prove to be American. If that be so, the fact will not wholly invalidate his claim to the attention of the English aspirant, who, however, will do well not to neglect native works in the first place. Let those who know the English "boards" be listened to. Mr. Jerome K. Jerome knows them, and has put his recollections on record in a little book called *On the Stage and Off*. I would recommend this strongly to the stage-struck amateur. It is a "human document." Leading English players gave advice to all and sundry in a volume called *The Actor's Art*, which might also be consulted with advantage. Mr. Leopold Wagner's *Roughing it on the Stage* might well be glanced at. Altogether there is a fair measure of accessible literature on a topic which has a great deal too much fascination for the young people of to-day.

The correspondent of the *Athenæum* who chides Mr. Fisher Unwin for issuing a volume of poems by the late Mathilde Blind, called *The Ascent of Man*, on the ground that that title had already been used by the late Henry Drummond for a book of lectures, is very wide of the mark. As a matter of fact, Miss Blind's poem came out originally in 1889, while Prof. Drummond's lectures did not appear till 1894.

I note, by the way, that Mr. W. M. Rossetti, in his latest volume (*Pre-Raphaelite Letters and Diaries*), speaks of his brother Dante Gabriel as having once been described by a cabman as a "harbitrary cove." Was this the cabman who applied the description of "harbitrary gent" to the once-famous "Jacob Omnium," or is one story an offshoot of the other?

We are promised the *Reminiscences* of the late Mrs. John Drew, the actress, in volume form. Certain recollections of hers were printed recently in an Anglo-American magazine, and they struck me as rather thin and disappointing. They were, however, interestingly illustrated, and perhaps they will be augmented before they are made into a book.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

Seven Centuries of Fighting.

A History of the British Army. First Part. To the Close of the Seven Years' War. By the Hon. J. W. Fortescue. 2 vols. (Macmillan & Co. 36s. net.)

THERE are, apparently, Britons who regret that we possess an army. There are others who are sorry that it is now on active service in South Africa. But there are vast numbers who are proud of it and of its mission, and well-disposed to an intelligent understanding of our second line of defence. Hitherto, however, they have not known where to turn for enlightenment. Mr. Fortescue's opening volumes of his *History of the British Army*, which bring the record down to the close of the Seven Years' War, in 1763, appear, therefore, at a happy moment. A civilian has written a book which every civilian interested in military matters can master with ease and delight and that is likely to be acclaimed by soldiers. It is the first work that systematically traces our military establishment at home and abroad—in peace and in war—from its earliest sources anterior to the Norman Conquest, through century after century, in a plain and regular progression. If it be not the ideal attempt upon the subject, his task is difficult who shall immediately better it. For it has balance, proportion, and perspective, and it is written in clear and sober English.

Mr. Fortescue unfolds a shameful and a glorious story. But the shame seldom sullies the British colours in the field. It sits in the offices of agents and contractors, at the council-tables of Ministers—upon the throne itself. Again and again the fighting man is robbed of his clothing, his food, and his arms by fraud and avarice. When these are unable to destroy him, faction steps in to balk him of victory and strikes up his sword when it might descend once and for all. When faction itself is powerless, mere imbecile ingratitude turns him adrift, to be a plague and a famine to himself and a firebrand to his neighbours.

In Dutch William's days the Treasurer of the Army in Ireland, one Harbord, "contrived to obtain an independent troop of cavalry, for which he drew pay as though it were complete, though the troop in reality consisted of himself, two clerks whom he put down as officers, and a standard which he kept in his bed-room. This was the only corps which was regularly paid." In 1585 the English forces in the Low Countries were penniless, ragged to indecency, and dying of cold and hunger. Leicester wearied the posts with letters pressing for money. But "Elizabeth would not give a farthing." In August, 1702, Marlborough stood, fresh as a pink, within 3,000 yards of Tallard, who lay on dangerous ground, prostrated with desperate marching. The Englishman held the Frenchman in the hollow of his hand. But the Dutch deputies interposed, and Tallard escaped uncrushed. In December, 1697, the House of Commons, on Harley's motion, "resolved that all forces raised since December, 1680, should be disbanded. The arrears of pay due to the Army since April, 1692, amounted to £1,200,000, and the arrears of subsistence to £1,000,000 more. To meet this debt there was £80,000 in tallies, which no one would discount at any price. After struggling hard to obtain £400,000, the Government was fain to accept £50,000 less than that sum for the service of the Army in the ensuing year. The distress in the Army soon became acute. Petitions poured in from the disbanded men for arrears, arrears, arrears." Had not war again broken out in the Low Countries, necessitating the re-employment of every disbanded soldier, what might not have been the just consequences of this infamy? But enough of this side of the medal. There is no need to dwell upon it, for, in spite of every defacement, the annals of our armies are punctuated with glories.

Reserved historian as he is, Mr. Fortescue's pen does ample justice time and again to the peculiar attributes of the British soldier, who has always been pre-eminently a foot soldier. And in this capacity his conduct at Fontenoy is fairly adduced as almost without a parallel. On that field the doomed but immortal battalions formed up under a cross-fire of artillery. Fontenoy thundered on their left, the Redoubt d'Eu on their right. Before them, entrenched over the crest of a long slope, the flower of the French army awaited their coming. Under this flanking fire they "advanced slowly for half-a-mile in perfect order, and marched up to within pistol-shot of the French infantry, to receive their volley before they discharged a shot. They shattered the French battalions to pieces, repulsed three separate attacks of cavalry, halted under a heavy cannonade, retired for some distance, and reformed under a cross-fire, advanced again with both artillery and musketry playing in front and in flanks, made the bravest brigade in the French service recoil, repelled another desperate attack of cavalry, and retired slowly and orderly under a cross-fire almost to the end."

But Mr. Fortescue's book is not a mere bundle of battles. While the typical combats are set forth in sufficient detail to be understandable, and the tangled threads of the campaigns which they render memorable are skilfully unravelled (and this is particularly noticeable in the intricate operations of Marlborough), the chronicle of events is always utilised for the purpose of developing the inner growth of the Army and its relations to the State. Beginning with the "great English principle which forced itself upon the conquering Normans and ultimately upon all Europe"—the principle that all the army, from the poorest spearman to the richest thane, even to the king himself, should fight afoot—he leads us through the Assize of Arms, the Statute of Winchester, and the battles of Falkirk and Crecy, to the practice of the Swiss, the Landsknechts, the Spaniards, and the Swedes, from each of whom in turn we learned priceless lessons. It is this breadth of treatment that gives the book its chief value. Yet, duly subordinated to the larger issue, microscopic and picturesque details are not wanting. They could not, indeed, be entirely omitted by a writer who cites *Tristram Shandy* as a "supplementary authority" on the campaigns of William the Third.

Of our bowmen it is interesting to learn that their pay in 1341 was 3d. a day, that the price of a superior bow was 1s. 6d., that it was 6 ft. 4 in. in length, and that a sheaf of two dozen arrows cost 1s. 2d. We all remember the arrows that fell thick and blinding as snow upon the crushed chaos of Crecy, but we have forgotten the tragical exploit of our archers at Auray. There even our mighty bows and unerring shafts could make no impression upon the iron-clad French, who stood, battle-axe in hand, laughing at the futile shower. But laughter gave place to horrified dismay when the archers, flinging aside their bows, fell headlong upon the scoffers man for man, and wrenching away those insolent axes, cracked French crowns with French weapons. From magnificent brawn we turn to magnificent tailoring, wherein for two hundred years our Army has shone resplendent. We have seen that Elizabeth clothed her troops like scare-crows—let us gratefully note that it was George II. ("who had little capacities for military duties beyond the sphere of a sergeant-major"), who inaugurated the reign of regular uniform, and conscientiously grappled with the problems of facings, head-dresses, and perukes. But it is scant justice to dismiss him thus. For he sniffed powder joyously enough at Oudenarde, where a French shot brought down his charger.

It cannot escape notice that whether we touch upon a button or a battle it is equally difficult to keep the French out of the paragraph. Perhaps the only immortal soldier dealt with in these volumes who was not largely formed in fighting the French is Cromwell. To Cromwell, with many

other things, we owe the revival of the vital English tradition. In Mr. Fortescue's words: "It is time to have done with all misconceptions as to the work Cromwell did for the military service of England, for it was summed up in the one word discipline. It was the work, not of a preacher, but of a soldier." He says further that "beyond all doubt the English standing Army from 1646 to 1658 was the finest force in Europe. . . . Such an army will never again be seen in England." This is probably true, for, as he writes again: "It should never be forgotten that military discipline rests at bottom on the broadest and deepest of moral foundations: its ideal is the organised abnegation of self."

Inexorable space compels silence upon the distinctive merits of a host of other famous names. Edward III., the Black Prince, and Henry V., must be mentioned only to be passed by; nor can we linger over the eccentric Peterborough, the brilliant Clive, or the chivalrous Wolfe. But Marlborough's imperative claim to notice is as irresistible as his serene genius. "Regarding him as a general," says Mr. Fortescue, "his fame is assured as one of the great captains of all time; and it would not become a civilian to add a word to the eulogy of great soldiers, who alone can comprehend the full measure of his greatness." Idolised by his men, he was nicknamed "The Old Corporal," as the armies of Napoleon dubbed their head "The Little Corporal." Mr. Fortescue writes of the two "Corporals":

Napoleon, for all his theatrical tricks, had no heart or tenderness in him, and could not bear the intoxication of success. Marlborough never suffered triumph to turn his head, to diminish his generosity towards enemies, to tempt him from the path of sound military practice, or to obscure his unerring insight into the heart of things. . . . "Marlborough," says Wellington, "was remarkable for his cool, clear, steady understanding," and this quality was one which never deserted him. Nevertheless, if there be one attribute which should be chosen as supremely characteristic of the man, it is that which William Pitt selected as the first requisite of a statesman—patience; "patience," as the Duke himself once wrote to Godolphin, "which can overcome all things"; patience which, as may be seen in a hundred passages during the war, was possessed by him in such measure that it appears almost godlike. These are the qualities which mark the sanity of perfect genius, that distinguish a Milton from a Shelley, a Nelson from a Dundonald, and a Marlborough from a Peterborough; and it is in virtue of these, indicating as they do the perfect balance of transcendent ability, that Marlborough takes rank with the mightiest of England's sons, with Shakespeare, with Bacon, and with Newton, as "the greatest statesman and the greatest general that this country or any other country has produced."

It is a far cry from Marlborough to maps, but we must not take leave of these volumes, whose successors will be looked for with interest, without a reference to the plans which illustrate them. Mr. Fortescue is, indeed, doubtful of the utility of the "blocks of red and blue" that represent the position of troops, and thinks "it is always a question whether their facility for misleading does not exceed their utility for guidance." It is sufficient justification for them that, had they been absent, many readers would have put them in on their own account, and that our Uncle Toby, a "supplementary authority," would have perfumed them with nightly tobacco.

Out of the oldē fieldēs, as men sayeth,
Cometh all this new corne from yere to yere;
And out of oldē bookēs in good faithē
Cometh all this new science that men lere.

Chaucer: *Motto to "A Birthday Book,"* Collected
and Arranged by M. L. Gwynn.

Classicism in Literature.

The Augustan Ages. By Oliver Elton. (Blackwood & Sons. 5s. net.)

THIS volume forms part of the *Periods of European Literature*, which are being edited by Prof. Saintsbury. It deals with a by no means easy task in a very clear manner; its arrangement is, perhaps, as good as the design will permit; and it gives evidence of personal study and independent judgment. The period to which he gives the title of the *Augustan Age* is an irregular period, because its chronology does not coincide in the various countries. Nevertheless there was a period, marked by kindred features and approximately contemporary in all literatures, which is most typically represented by the French Age of Louis XV., regarded by the French themselves as their culminating or Augustan Age. Mr. Elton has accordingly bestowed this name on the entire epoch in all countries. What Mr. Elton has undertaken, in fact, is really to chronicle a movement, passing like a wave over Europe. It is the rise and victorious progress through Europe of the spirit of Classicism, which is recorded in this excellent little volume.

What is or was Classicism? All are agreed upon its results, but hardly two people agree upon its essence. It is with no surprise, therefore, that we find ourselves in dissent from Mr. Elton's definition or description. At the same time, it has more of the truth in it than has been attained by most critics. He describes Classicism as the research for form of structure and of style. But he has the wisdom to qualify this. He sees that the boasted "form" of Classicism is not the highest form; and he tries to explain this by saying that it is form "perfect under the lesser law of definition before the intelligence, if not often under the higher law of free genius and beauty." This is on the right road, but rather vague in expression, and does not touch the root of the matter. The form of Classicism is form imposed from without; while true form is form evolved from within. Mr. Elton himself has a glimpse of this when he sees in the Greeks and Dante "a greater and more organic power of construction." *Organic* is the very word. Great form unfolds like an organism, like a flower under the shaping of the inward spirit; the form of Classicism is external and put upon it with a chisel, so to speak. Mr. Elton is therefore at fault when he says that Dante and the Greeks "go beyond Classicism on its own lines." They excel it on very different lines, though the austere nakedness of their form may cause a superficial resemblance in the result. But superficial it is, and essentially kin in its method to Shakespeare rather than to Classicism. Classicism, in fact, was an attempt to copy from without what Greek antiquity produced from within. The result was as little classical as possible.

We must also dissent from Mr. Elton when he places Shelley and Shakespeare together as poets who lacked Dantean mastery of form, and in that respect contrasts them disadvantageously with the classicists. It is true of Shelley, but not true of Shakespeare and Spenser (who is also classed with Shelley). Shelley's poetry is really deficient in law—inward law. But Spenser and Shakespeare belong to quite another order. There is more true law in "Macbeth" than in all Boileau. Faults of detailed finish there may be; but the whole thing moves in the grip of a great central majestic law, distributing organic unity to all the parts. This is an altogether different thing from the inorganic and external proportioning which is the aim of the classicists. Nor can we agree that the correctness of French Classicism ranks "only below" the correctness of Dante and the Greeks. It is a wholly other thing, and has no value whatever for any poet who belongs to the great school of Inward Law.

It was natural that Classicism should seek after shaping from without rather than vital shaping from within. For it was born in France, and was (in truth) the result of the

sceptical and rationalising spirit showing itself through letters. Cartesianism was the germ of it all; and its natural end in literature was the levelling artificiality of the latter eighteenth century, as its natural end in thought was the Encyclopædists, headed by Voltaire. It affected those who opposed its animating spirit in the domain of thought. Bossuet combated rationalism in the literary panoply of rationalism: he attacked Molière; he would have none of Malebranche; but as a writer he is part and parcel of the movement which produced alike Malebranche and Molière. The spirit and the form of that movement were alike suited to the French genius; and the greatest—because the most consummately and superbly *Gallie*—of French writers were its outcome. Victor Hugo is a greater poet than Racine, if poetry is allowed to be before all things spiritual and itself a spirit; but he was not so great a Frenchman, nor has the heart of France ever cordially accepted him as it accepts Lamartine and other lesser but more national poets. With Racine, Molière, Boileau, La Fontaine, Bossuet, Bourdaloue, Pascal, and a host of brilliant names in its forefront, French Classicism went forth to conquer the world. It captured Dryden, though not wholly, and attained complete control of England under Pope and Swift. It killed poetry proper in England; but it created a great school of prose, admirable for distinctively prosaic purposes.

It is in dealing with the English writers of the third quarter of the seventeenth century that the difficulties of the chronological method which Mr. Elton has set himself become apparent. In adopting French fashions English literature has always been like a waiting-maid, who dons her mistress's garments when the mistress has cast them off. The appearance of a French literary mode in this country is sure indication that it is out of date in Paris. Accordingly Classicism was not really regnant in England till the seventeenth century was going out. The cavalier lyrics were lineal from Donne, and it would be misleading to regard them as belonging to the "Augustan Ages" in anything but date. "The most splendid of the satires written before 1700 took less from Boileau than from Latin models which Boileau or Elizabethan poets had set the example of using," as Mr. Elton truly says. Dryden, to the last, owed more to Cowley than has been generally recognised. Even the comic playwrights mingled native tradition with their French models; and the typical masters of seventeenth century prose have nothing to do with the new spirit. The Elizabethan tradition died hard. Dryden's "Ode to Mrs. Anne Killigrew" is a splendid proof of this. It was the same in Spain and Italy. Góngora seems to us to have more affinity with Cowley and the metaphysical school than with Classicism; and the same may be said of the Italian Marino—who was, indeed, translated and partly imitated by Crashaw. But ultimately French Classicism conquered both Spain and Italy to the sterilising of their national literatures, while it long laid a frosty hand on the undeveloped literature of Germany. It was a universal triumph; but in England alone (to our thinking) did it produce results sufficient to compensate for its arrest upon the higher founts of inspiration.

Mr. Elton's survey lays little stress upon the Italian and Spanish literature of this period. With regard to German literature he is much fuller. But in the main his book resolves itself into a review of French and English Classicism. This is really better than a hopeless attempt to gird all European literature of the epoch within the compass of a small volume; since undoubtedly to France and England belong the paramount literatures of the time. This survey of the French literature under the reign of Louis XVI. has special interest, since no recent English writer has attempted it; while surveys of our own eighteenth century writers are frequent. Mr. Elton has evidently made good use of such work as M. Brunetière's late *History of French Literature*. But he uses his own judgment with interesting independence. A good example is his account of Racine.

It is far from echoing the complacent laudations of French critics, yet is eulogistic enough, venturing comparisons between *Athalie* and the *Samson Agonistes* of our Puritan poet, which, personally, it is difficult for us to echo. Yet it is good that an English literary historian should err on the side of enthusiastic sympathy. When he exalts the verse of Racine above that of Dryden for its complete avoidance of consonantal clusters, its perpetual liquidity of vowels, he ignores the truth that mere mechanical softness is no merit, that consonants have their legitimate function of strength, and that lines harsh in themselves may be beautiful to an understanding ear, by their harmony with the subject-matter. An age which worships Wagner should know the use of discords in music—nor do they play a less complex and important part in metre. Dryden himself discusses the nervelessness brought about by too many open vowels. Neither can we shut our eyes to the fact that the whole convention of Racine and his fellow-classics is rhetoric rather than poetic. But the student who follows Mr. Elton will not err by disparaging the French classics. And this, we repeat, is as it should be.

A Fairy Suburb.

Bartlett's Life Among Wild Animals in the Zoo. Edited by A. D. Bartlett. (Chapman & Hall. 7s. 6d.)

THE Zoo is a suburb which never connotes Philistinism or dullness. Tired princes and professional men go there to enjoy its air and its sights. Men who meet nowhere else on common ground find themselves contending shoulder to shoulder for the favour of its inhabitants. Poets may demand a boundless contiguity of shade, a jug of wine in the wilderness; yet even they must find the Zoo a more handy and amusing escape from the dailiness of life. The turnstile that admits you to the Zoo registers with its click the shuffling-off of your last care. We complete and compensate ourselves by going down to this happy suburb where are gathered our missing friends: "All sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of the field; the fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea, and whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas." A distant roar from the lion house, a nameless scream from yonder thicket, a proud antlered head poised in your line of sight—how homely it all is! The importance of going to the Zoo should have its place in every Londoner's map of life.

The book that lies before us is one long effective invitation to visit the great compound in Regent's Park. The late Mr. Bartlett was superintendent of the Zoo for many years. He took supreme charge of its animal life. He was dentist to my lord the Elephant, and physician in ordinary to the Lion. He fostered young rhinoceroses, and pursued runaway bears in the night while St. John's Wood slept. Those who would be acquainted with his life and his activities should study not only this book, but also the notes which his son edited last year under the title *Wild Animals in Captivity*, to which the present work is supplemental. In these two books the untravelled and over-civilised Londoner may fill his mind with a thousand facts, which in visits to the Zoo he may remember, expand, and often verify. Both books are frankly composed of notes, scraps, jottings, and extracts from papers read by Mr. Bartlett before the Zoological Society. Mr. Bartlett would probably have given his material to the world in much the same form into which it has been thrown by his son, who states that it was not Mr. Bartlett's intention to make his books too serious or wholly scientific. In life Mr. Bartlett was the chief interpreter between the Londoner and the polyglot races under his care; and in these volumes he appears still as the chatty, discursive interpreter. To convey an idea of his matter is easy, for one may open this book at any page and be sure of alighting

on something interesting. Take, at random, Mr. Bartlett's notes on Vultures and Birds of Prey. It is absurd to look at the vultures in their petty cages without carrying in one's mind some idea of the vulture in his free life. Mr. Bartlett explains how it is that these terrible birds can gather so swiftly from all parts when a meal awaits them:

Aided by a powerful and wonderful vision, and sailing, without effort, in a circle of great diameter, in a clear, unclouded atmosphere, miles above the earth, this bird's sight, intent and keen, enables it to observe the changed and hurried movements of any others of his species which might be, as they nearly always are, in quest of food, and which in turn may be within sight of many others that again are in view of others still further off, all making towards a spot where food is found. Whenever a movement is made towards the earth by one, the whole flock becomes instantly aware of it, and of the direction taken; thus they concentrate in incalculable strength, in the same manner that thousands of people sometimes arrive on the field on the descent of a balloon in a part of the country that the day before seemed almost uninhabited.

The gliding flight of a great bird like the condor, which often seems to sail for miles without a single motion of its wings, has, of course, been discussed many times. Mr. Bartlett writes:

The most reasonable explanation of this wonderful power is given in the examination of the air-cells that exist throughout the entire structure, not only in the bones, but among the muscles and between the tissues of the skin and feathers; when the bird rises to a great height the atmosphere becomes cold, and as the temperature of the bird's body is much higher than that of the surrounding air the bird fills, or rather inflates, the whole of the air-cells throughout its body by the hot air that has passed into the lungs of the bird before it reaches the chambers formed for its reception; thus the condors become like air-balloons, and float about, requiring only a slight motion of the tail to steer, rudder-like, in any direction. When the bird wishes to rest on the earth its form at once alters, the wings are no longer on full stretch, but, by contracting the muscles of the wings and body, the hot air is expelled, and the bird descends with rather a rapid, but graceful and easy movement of the wings, and alights without appearing to drop heavily to the ground.

It is the frequent visitor to the Zoo who sees "incidents" as well as animals. Such an "incident" is described by Mr. Bartlett in his notes on the Canadian Beaver in the Zoo. A large willow-tree had been blown down in the Gardens, and when its branches had been distributed to a number of grateful animals an interesting experiment was tried:

One of the largest limbs of the tree, upwards of twelve feet long, was firmly fixed in the ground, in the Beaver's enclosure, in a nearly upright position, at about twelve o'clock on Saturday last (October, 1862). The beaver visited the spot soon afterwards, and walking round this large limb, which measured thirty inches circumference, commenced to bite off the bark about twelve inches above the ground, and afterwards to gnaw into the wood itself. The rapid progress was (to all who witnessed it) most astonishing. The animal laboured hard, and appeared to exert his whole strength, leaving off for a few minutes apparently to rest and look upwards, as if to consider which way the tree was to fall. Now and then he left off and went into his pond, which was about three feet from the base of the tree, as if to take a refreshing bath. Again he came out with renewed energy, and with his powerful teeth gouged away all round the trunk. This process continued till about four o'clock, when suddenly he left off and came hastily towards the iron fence, to the surprise of those who were watching his movements. The cause of this interruption was soon explained: he had heard in the distance the sound of the wheelbarrow, which, as usual, is brought daily to his paddock, and from which he was anxiously waiting to receive his supper. Not wishing to disappoint the animal, but, at the same time, regretting that he was thus unexpectedly stopped in his determination to bring down this massive piece of timber, his usual allowance of carrots and bread was given to him;

and from this time until half-past five he was engaged in taking his meal and swimming about in his pond. At half-past five, however, he returned to his tree, which by this time was reduced in the centre to about two inches in diameter. To this portion he applied his teeth with great earnestness, and in ten minutes afterwards it fell suddenly with great force upon the ground.

The beaver soon cut up the log into three convenient lengths; "two of these he removed into the pond, and one was used in the under part of his house." We wish we had been there. A sight worth twenty plays in the Strand!

The exact condition of tameness, and the potentialities of wildness, in the animals at the Zoo are matters which are ever present to the mind of the stranger. It appears that animals which have been caught in their habitats and been shipped to London are effectually and permanently tamed by their rough experiences; rarely do they afterwards give trouble. It is different with their offspring born in the Gardens. Mr. Bartlett says:

In most instances the breeding in captivity of wild animals is attended with considerable difficulty and risk; consequently the young are regarded and treated in the most gentle and kind manner—not the slightest thing is done to frighten or annoy them; you look at them, talk to them kindly, pet them, and feed them with the best and most tempting food, and they appear perfectly tame, and fond of being fed and caressed; but only let something strange, trifling in itself, happen; at times the appearance of an umbrella, or anything moving in the bushes, or a boy's kite in the air, and away goes all the tameness at a moment's notice; the creature rushes at the fence, and, if possible, breaks loose by either smashing the fence or leaping over it, and not unfrequently is so injured that it either kills itself or has to be killed. The simple truth is that the wild and vigorous natures of these animals manifest themselves only under the influence of fear. Endless instances in support of this have occurred in this country and on the Continent—in fact, wherever wild animals have been bred in captivity.

Mr. Bartlett's books contain more than natural history. They are the records of one man's relations with animals—relations the most kindly, the most honourable.

Confessions of a Publisher.

Memories. By C. Kegan Paul. (Kegan Paul & Co.)

MR. KEGAN PAUL complains that he has a poor memory; we would call it rather the best kind of memory—the eclectic, which rejects all that is unimportant to the purpose in hand, and retains only that which, though in some respects trivial, is the very mainstay of the *raconteur*. Chatting pleasantly about his recollections of a long life and his own pilgrimage through Anglicanism and scepticism to the Roman Catholic Church, Mr. Paul never dreams of boring us with the coronation of Queen Victoria or the funeral of the Duke of Wellington. His earliest recollection is of being sent round the breakfast-table by an aged relative who could not move from his chair to see that the spoons had been driven through the lower ends of the eggs that had been consumed, "lest the witches should ride in them." Of such delightful trivialities as these the book is full, and its early chapters give us an admirable, though not entirely pleasant, picture of the life of a small boy in the opening years of the present reign. The preparatory school was a really dreadful place; education was driven in with the cane, and it is wonderful that the boys at Dr. Allen's school at Ilminster learned anything at all, for the ushers were the most ignorant and contemptible of men. And Mrs. Allen?

Mrs. Allen, though still young, was the fattest woman I ever saw, and the hottest. She would go out on frosty days into the garden unbonneted, unshawled, in the hope of getting cool. In her disposition she was hard and

coarse. No grain of motherly kindness, no passing gleam of tenderness for the child, victims of her husband's floggings, ever softened the asperities of our life. Her household was ill-conducted, and her servants were profligate and immoral; the food supplied to the boys was bad, we were insufficiently warmed—one small stove in the schoolroom, round which the elder boys clustered, was all the fire we ever came near—and cleanliness was impossible. There was, indeed, a solemn function once a week when our feet were washed in hot water, and Mrs. Allen herself attended to our heads with a small-tooth comb; but for the rest, all that came between head and feet we washed only in the holidays.

And this was a school at which the sons of gentlemen were prepared for Eton! But even Eton in the forties was only just beginning to struggle above the standard of decency and comfort of the Elizabethan age; and sanded floors were the rule in Mr. Paul's dame's house, which was really and truly a dame's house, with Mrs. Holt in charge, and a nebulous Rev. Mr. Holt somewhere in the background. There was, however, fun as well as flogging for little boys. Once the driver of the coach that took Mr. Paul home drew up his horses, in the chill morning, at the request of the passengers, that they might see a man hanged outside Ilchester gaol. The Eton masters of those days were a curious crew—conservative, pompous, and generally incompetent. Bethell, for example, who has been handed down to memory in the couplet:

Didactic, dry, declamatory, dull,
Big Burly Bethell bellows like a bull.

His reading of the Communion service rattled like thunder in the chapel roof, so that some ingenious boy dubbed him *Papiriüs*, regardless of the fact that the surname of *Papiriüs Cursor* had nothing to do with cursing.

Mr. Paul is, perhaps, at his best in his sketches of rustic life, for his father held a living in the West of England, and he himself served country parishes, both as curate and vicar. Old Dagg, for instance, who earned his living by doing odd jobs—haulage of manure and so on—wanted to marry a fourth wife, but pleaded that he could not pay the fees. The vicar pointed out the unthriftiness of his project. Dagg slapped his thigh with cheerful emphasis, and said: "Suppose we take her out in a load of dung!" Bloxham, a large village near Banbury, of which Mr. Paul took charge in 1852, was a neglected parish:

The wine at the Communion was put on the table in a black bottle, and on one occasion the cork had not been drawn. Mr. Bell, the vicar, turned to the intending communicants as they knelt at the rails, and asked, "Has any lady or gentleman a corkscrew?" The implement having been obtained (I fancy from the public-house opposite, where stimulants were occasionally procured for the aged curate during the sermon), the service proceeded.

But that reverence was not unknown in the 'fifties is proved by the rebuke of Miller, a theological lecturer at New College. A man more acquainted with secular than Biblical English translated the word *γάστρον* "stomach." "I think," said Miller, "that 'belly' is perhaps a more solemn word." Many other interesting people Mr. Paul knew at Oxford, among them the author of *Guy Livingstone*, but we are specially drawn towards Mrs. Chanter, a sister of Kingsley, who wrote a novel, *Over the Cliffs*, quite unworthy of remembrance, save for one sentence. The heroine "fell over the cliffs" and arrived at the bottom "a tangled mass of hair and brains." We are inquiring at "all the libraries" for *Over the Cliffs*, at present without success. But it is as a publisher that Mr. Kegan Paul is best known to the public, and as a publisher he has knowledge of many men and things, Browning, George Eliot, Mr. Lang, and Tennyson, who was "a thorough man of business, and our final parting at the end of one of our periods of agreement was that we as publishers, and he as author, took a different view

of his pecuniary value." Here is a story which bears on the late Mr. Grant Allen's comparison between the literary man and the crossing-sweeper as a money-maker. At the house of an eminent surgeon, a prince, easily recognisable, asked what a first-rate surgeon makes in his profession.

"Well, sir," said the host, "I should say that about £15,000 a year would be the mark." "What," said the prince, turning to the then acknowledged leader of the English bar, "what does a great barrister make?" "I suppose, sir, £25,000 would hit the mark." Sir John Millais was also present, and he was the third asked. "Possibly, sir, £35,000 a year." "Oh! come, come!" said the questioner. "Well, sir," said Sir John Millais, rather nettled, "as a matter of fact, last year I made £40,000, and might have made more, had I not been taking holiday longer than usual in Scotland." When he had finished speaking Mr. Browning put his arms through Mr. Arnold's and mine, and said, "We don't make that by literature, do we?"

And Mr. Kegan Paul himself thinks

that literature is not in itself a profession. With perhaps the exception of Dr. Johnson and Lord Tennyson, it is difficult to name any men who, writing really good works, lived by those works and by the pensions conferred upon them on account of those works. With those exceptions I can think of no one whose books have lived or are likely to live, who have not either had an independent fortune or a profession quite apart from literature by which they have gained at least a decent livelihood. . . . The author who has nothing to fall back upon is in a bad way.

That is rather discouraging to the young man with writing materials and a brain and no private income. It is the more discouraging because Mr. Kegan Paul has selected Dr. Johnson as one of the two literary traders with "half-a-crown in his pocket" who will live. For, so far as books are concerned, it is Boswell, and not Johnson, who lives. Who reads *Rasselas*? Who can quote *London*? Who will bet sixpence on the accuracy of the Dictionary? So, with a shade of discontent, we take leave of a book which has given us a couple of happy hours.

Other New Books.

AMERICAN LANDS AND
LETTERS.

BY DONALD G. MITCHELL.

A book of pleasant, kindly, sunshiny reminiscences of American writers and their haunts: Emerson, Whittier, Thoreau, Greeley, Willis, Poe, and many others pass in familiar procession. Mr. Mitchell writes with a kind of unction which produces rather strained writing in places. He sometimes seems to choose a word because it is curious or unlikely rather than because it is fit. Thus we find Whittier, when he had returned to his old home, "shouldering up the industrial exigencies of the farm." Of Hawthorne's love of England we read: "The ivies of old ruins took him graciously in their clasp, and with such close hug of their abounding tendrils as he did not struggle against." Such tricks of style are too numerous. But the book is readable, and bright with portraits and picturesque views. Of the industry of Bancroft, the historian, we read:

During all these twenty-five years (which would have made a great gap in most lives, but which counted for far less with this veteran, who took smilingly the seventies and eighties that lighted his long career) he toiled at his history; rode jauntily in Rotten-row; made a home in Washington and another—long cherished and loved—upon the cliffs at Newport—where he had a lawn rivaling English lawns—and set his roses to bloom in fairer colours and with more velvety petals than any that opened under the fogs of Twickenham or of Richmond Hill. He loved a beautiful rose as he loved a sure-footed horse, or a rotund trail to his historic periods. . . . Even now, as one of his high, rhetorical, periods slips from tongue and memory, we seem to see that alert figure and good horseman, mounted in soldierly way—trim, erect, and with lifted head, snuffing the breezy air of a November morning, upon the banks of the

Potomac or by Georgetown Heights—on his well-groomed horse, with a rose at the lapel of his coat, his eyes keen, his hair frosted with eighty years—riding primly and gallantly away, into that Past which is swallowing us all.

Margaret Fuller's magnetic personality, and its effect on Emerson, are thus described:

She came early under the thrall of Emerson's genius; but there was no electrical concert of forces between them; "the room enlarges when she comes," he says; and the horizon widens under that billowy talk which fascinated so many; but—at her going—a large home content and relief always came to him, with no yearnings for a continuance of the spell. "Such a predetermination," says Carlyle, "to eat this big universe as her oyster I have not before seen in any human soul."

These extracts are typical. By the way, why do not English writers of reminiscences illustrate their books? As a rule they do not; yet the illustrated book of reminiscences is a delightful and a marketable product. (Dent & Co. 7s. 6d.)

GOthic ARCHITECTURE. BY CHARLES HERBERT MOORE.

This is a second edition, though whether the first ever found its way from Massachusetts to England we are not quite sure. In any case, the book has been "almost completely rewritten," and equipped with many new illustrations. It seems to us a most stimulating introduction to the study of which it treats, and particularly valuable because of the stress which Mr. Moore lays upon structure as the basis of all architectural knowledge. In one point he is something of a heretic. He declines to extend the term Gothic to the German and English varieties of pointed architecture, declaring that true Gothic is of French origin, and, with a few exceptions, is to be found in France and France alone. The scope of the book includes, besides architecture proper, the subordinate arts of sculpture and glass staining. The illustrations, from drawings and photographs, are numerous, admirably chosen, and admirably reproduced. (Macmillan.)

Fiction.

Chinatown Stories. By C. B. Fernald.
(Heinemann. 6s.)

MR. FERNALD, like all novelists who describe intimately a new people, has the critic somewhat at a disadvantage. Only half of his work can be rightly estimated: we know that he can write; but we do not know whether or not his psychology is good, because the people are strange to us. We feel, in the present instance, that probably Mr. Fernald has described the Chinese character with extraordinary accuracy. His range is considerable; he begins this volume, for example, with an idyllic story of an adorable Chinese infant, who, dressed in his luxurious prismatic best, wanders out of the San Francisco Chinatown into the house of a beautiful American art student, and has piquant adventures (including a bath) until his father recaptures him. This is sheer good humour and prettiness and colour. And at the end of the book is one of the grimmest and ablest yarns of Chinese piracy and high sea villainy that anyone has written, Stevenson not excluded. In each of these we see the hand of a very capable literary artist. As a specimen of the idyllic manner we might take this:

Then, in the afternoon, and none too soon, he made a grand discovery. It was a knot-hole in the dividing-fence.

He looked upon a place where many flowers were, and the grass grew all of one height, like soldiers. And presently came out Sum Chow's young wife bearing a mat. Behind her trotted a little dame of scarce three summers carrying a fat cloth cat. It was Miss Oo, and the Infant knew she was a girl, because she wore her tiny

braids in two little horns that were part of her spangled cap. The Infant saw the mother leave Miss Oo to play alone upon the mat that lay on the grass. These, then, were the women of Sum Chow, who were to be avoided.

Miss Oo sat down and made remarks in her own peculiar language to the fat cloth cat, and emphasised them by shaking it up and down by the tail. Then she rolled over and kicked her infinitesimal feet in the air, and murmured demurely:

"Yai-yai!"

Her eyes travelled along the clear sky until they met the sun. They looked without winking straight into the glittering ball, in solemn satisfaction that it should be there, and for a long time there was no movement in her contented body but the occasional wiggle of a raised and bangled foot cased in a silver-trimmed slipper as big as an ear.

Mr. Fernald's capacity for dealing with a situation of grim tenseness is well illustrated in the following passage. We must explain that Sum Chow, in escaping from prison, comes upon his gaoler, Ok Hut. Chow, raising his weapon, commands Ok Hut to throw up his hands and turn his face to the wall:

But Ok Hut did not obey. He kept his eyes on Chow, debating. Ok had no weapon, but there was one in the drawer of the table where the feeble lamp stood burning; and Sum Chow seemed unarmed, except for the missile which he grasped. Ok Hut waited, planning how to shorten the space between himself and the table, so as to make a dash and get it sooner than Chow could reach him. There was silence but for the snoring of those who slept in the pauper ward. Ok Hut seemed motionless; so that each time he was changing his weight from one foot to another, so that each time he was approaching a fraction of an inch nearer the weapon that lay in the drawer.

That is the way to do it. Something of horror is communicated by this suggestion of imperceptible progress towards the knife. But in this very story one of Mr. Fernald's shortcomings may be discerned: he does not sufficiently enable the reader to visualise the scene. We shall go down to our graves unaware of the precise means by which Dr. Wing Shee helped Sum Chow to escape. The same flaw interferes with our enjoyment of "The Gentleman in the Barrel," one of the least admirable of these tales. But it is none the less a fascinating book.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

RESURRECTION. BY LEO TOLSTOY.

Five more parts of Tolstoy's new story arrive in their paper covers of alternating green and yellow, and their enclosing wrapper and indiarubber band. These parts complete the second volume. *Resurrection* has so far elicited varied comments. One critic says: "It is as if written by Zola in collaboration with the prophet Isaiah." Another critic says that Tolstoy "lowers his genius to the altitude of a schoolmaster with a ferule in his hand." A third writer begins: "This masterpiece of Count Tolstoy's—the greatest work he has yet done . . ." (Brotherhood Publishing Co. 5d. net.)

TALES FROM SIENKIEWICZ. TRANSLATED BY S. C. DE SOISSONS.

Nine short stories by the Slav novelist. The first tells how a strolling musician was promoted to be village organist. "When the mass was at its height, the scent of myrrh, amber, and odoriferous herbs, and the sight of the blazing candles and glittering ostensary seemed to overflow and overpower the worshippers, and the whole congregation fell as if it were lifted into air. Then the canon, raising and lowering the monstrance, closed his eyes in ecstasy. So, too, did Pan Klen at the organ." (Allen. 6s.)

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Green Thoughts in Green Shades.

ENGLISH gardens now bear two sets of blossom: flowers to pluck and flowers to read. In this dying year, for instance, garden books have multiplied beneficently. We have had Miss Jekyll's *Wood and Garden*, a very charming blend of practical counsel and good writing; Mrs. Earle's *More Pot-Pourri from a Surrey Garden*, a homely medley of floral and culinary lore; another of Dean Hole's monographs, *Our Gardens*; *The Solitary Summer*, a very delightful work of garden philosophy, by the anonymous author of *Elizabeth and her German Garden*; *The Century Book of Gardening* has begun publication—a mixture of treatises by experts, and of beautiful photographs of the best English gardens from *Country Life*; and now comes a new edition of Mr. Sieveking's garden anthology.* Altogether, even if we have not omitted anything—and very likely we have—the year 1899 has done well for those that love lawns and shrubberies, roses and trim walks.

Mr. Sieveking's work first made its appearance some fourteen years ago, and was then styled by Mr. Pater "a scholarly little book." It is now a scholarly big book—that is the only difference which would be noticeable in the same critic's appreciation. It is perhaps by way of gratitude to Mr. Pater—his friend and master, as he calls him—that Mr. Sieveking brings his prologue to an end with this distinctly Paterian passage:

And now a last word of egoistic reverie. Where may one indulge in day-dreams if not in a garden? My dream is of a library in a garden! In the very centre of the garden, away from house or cottage, but united to it by a pleached alley or pergola of vines or roses, an octagonal book-tower like Montaigne's rises upon arches forming an arbour of scented shade. Between the bookshelves, windows at every angle, as in Pliny's Villa library, opening upon a broad gallery supported by pillars of "faïence carpenter's work," around which cluster flowering creepers, follow the course of the sun in its play upon the landscape. "Last stage of all," a glass dome gives gaze upon the stars by night and the clouds by day: "les nuages . . . les nuages qui passent . . . là bas . . . les merveilleux nuages!" And in this ΒΙΒΛΙΟΚΗΠΟΣ—this Garden of Books—*Sui et Amicorum*, would pass the coloured days and the white nights, "not in quite blank forgetfulness, but in continuous dreaming, only half-veiled by sleep."

Meanwhile, as indication that the dream is not yet fulfilled, Mr. Sieveking dates his prologue from Portman-square. Personally we do not quite share his ambition. Libraries and gardens, we think, should be kept distinct, the plea of the London bookseller (masquerading as an old poet)—

O for a booke and a shadie nooke—

being the most we would subscribe to. Even that, however, has its disadvantages. Except in very small doses, books are not for the open air, but for indoors. Maple, as Mr. Wilde once said, is more comfortable than nature.

But all this while we are disregarding the real matter of

Mr. Sieveking's erudite and exhaustive work, wherein the praises of the garden are drawn from authors Persian and Syrian, Greek and Roman, French and Italian, early Christian and late Pagan, modern English and modern American. A good idea of Mr. Sieveking's scope will be given when we say that his quotations range from an Egyptian MS. of 1300 B.C. to *The Solitary Summer*. Most of the later extracts are well known, but the Egyptian and some of the classical passages will be new. This is the Egyptian rhapsody of 1300 B.C.:

She led me, hand in hand, and we went into her garden to converse together.

There she made me taste of excellent honey.

The rushes of the garden were verdant, and all its bushes flourishing.

There were currant trees and cherries redder than the ruby.

The ripe peaches of the garden resembled bronze,

and the groves had the lustre of the stone *nashem*.

The *menni* unshelled like cocoa-nuts they brought to us, its shade was fresh and airy, and soft for the repose of love;

"Come to me," she called unto me,

"and enjoy thyself a day in the room of

a young girl who belongs to me,

the garden is to-day in its glory;

there is a terrace and a parlour."

(*Nashem* is green felspar, and *menni* signifies some fruit now unknown.) This, from Pater's translation of the Seventh Idyll of Theocritus, is very beautiful:

So, I and Eucritus and the fair Amyntichus, turned aside into the house of Phrasidamus, and lay down with delight in beds of sweet tamarisk and fresh cuttings from the vines strewn on the ground. Many poplars and elm-trees were waving over our heads, and not far off the running of the sacred water from the cave of the nymphs warbled to us: in the shimmering branches the sun-burnt grasshoppers were busy with their talk, and from afar the little owl cried softly out of the tangled thorns of the blackberry; the larks were singing and the hedge-birds, and the turtle-dove moaned; the bees flew round and round the fountains, murmuring softly; the scent of late summer and of the fall of the year was everywhere; the pears fell from the trees at our feet, and apples in number rolled down at our sides, and the young plum trees were bent to the earth with the weight of their fruit.

All nations seem to have the garden fervour. One of the most exquisite things in the book is by a Chinese writer (365-427 A.D.):

Lightly, lightly speeds my boat along, my garments fluttering to the gentle breeze. I inquire my route as I go. I grudge the slowness of the dawning day. From afar I descry my old home, and joyfully press onwards in my haste. The servants rush forth to meet me; my children cluster at the gate. The place is a wilderness; but there is the old pine tree and my chrysanthemums. Wine is brought in full bottles, and I pour out in brimming cups. I gaze out at my favourite branches. I loll against the window in my new found freedom. I look at the sweet children on my knee.

And now I take my pleasure in my garden. I lean on my staff as I wander about or sit down to rest. I raise my head and contemplate the lovely scene. Clouds rise unwilling from the bottom of the hills; the weary bird seeks its nest again. Shadows vanish, but still I linger round my lonely pine. Home once more! I'll have no friendships to distract me hence. The times are out of joint for me; and what have I to seek from men? In the pure enjoyment of the family circle I will pass my days, cheering my idle hours with lute and book. My husband-men will tell me when spring time is nigh, and when there will be work in the furrowed fields. Thither I shall repair by cart or by boat, through the deep gorge, over the dizzy cliff, trees bursting merrily into leaf, the streamlet swelling from its tiny source. Glad is this renewal of life in due season; but, for me, I rejoice that my journey is over. Ah, how short a time it is that we are here! Why then not set our hearts at rest, ceasing to trouble whether we remain or go? What boots it to wear out the

* *The Praise of Gardens*. By Albert Forbes Sieveking. (Dent.)

soul with anxious thoughts? I want not wealth; I want not power; heaven is beyond my hopes. Then let me stroll through the bright hours as they pass in my garden among my flowers; or I will mount the hill and sing my song, or weave my verse beside the limpid brook.

Thus will I work out my allotted span, content with appointments of fate, my spirit free from care.

That is almost beyond criticism, and it has a freshness which, in this collection at any rate, does not occur again until a dozen centuries have passed. William Lawson, the "Walton of the Garden" (1570-1608), wrote thus, in his *New Orchard and Garden*:

And in mine opinion, I could highly commend your Orchard, if either thorow it, or hard by it there should runne a pleasant River with silver streames: you might sit in your Mount, and angle a peckled Trout or a sleightie Elele, or some other Fish. Or Moats, whereon you might row with a Boat, and fish with Nets.

Store of Bees in a dry and warme Bee-house, comely made of Firboords, to sing, and sit, and feede upon your flowers and sprouts, make a pleasant noyse and sight. For cleanly and innocent Bees, of all other things, love and become, and thrive in an Orchard. If they thrive (as they must needs if your Gardiner be skilfull, and love them: for they love their friends, and hate none but their Enemies) they will besides the pleasure, yeeld great profit, to pay him his wages. Yea, the increase of twenty Stocks, or Stooles with other fees will keep your Orchard. You need not doubt their stings, for they hurt not, whom they know, and they know their keeper and acquaintance. If you like not to come amongst them, you neede not doubt them: for but neere their store, and in their owne defence, they will not fight, and in that case onely (and who can blame them) they are manly and fight desperately. . . . One chiefe grace that adorne an Orchard I cannot let slippe. A broode of Nightingales, who with their several notes and tunes, with a strong delightfull voice, out of a weake body, will beare you company night and day. . . . Neither will the Silly Wren be behind in Summer, with her distinct whistle (like a sweet Recorder) to cheere your spirits. The Black-bird and Threstle (for I take it the Thrush sings not, but devoures) sing loudly in a May morning, and delights the Eare much (and you neede not want their company, if you have ripe Cherryes or Berries, and would as gladly as the rest doe you pleasure :) But I had rather want their company than my fruit. What shall I say? 1000 of delights are in an orchard: and sooner shall I be weary, then I can reckon the least part of that pleasure, which one, that hath and loves an orchard may finde therein.

That is a style which, it seems, is no longer to be attained. The Elizabethans invented it and exhausted it. Here is William Morris on the garden:

And now to sum up as to a garden. Large or small, it should look both orderly and rich. It should be well fenced from the outside world. It should by no means imitate either the wilfulness or the wildness of Nature, but should look like a thing never to be seen except near a house. It should, in fact, look like a part of the house. It follows from this that no private pleasure-garden should be very big, and a public garden should be divided and made to look like so many flower-closes in a meadow, or a wood, or amidst the pavement.

It will be a key to right thinking about gardens if you will consider in what kind of places a garden is most desired. In a very beautiful country, especially if it be mountainous, we can do without it well enough; whereas in a flat and dull country we crave after it, and there it is often the very making of the homestead. While in great towns, gardens, both private and public, are positive necessities if the citizens are to live reasonable and healthy lives in body and mind.

And with that word of good sense we end our quotations.

Mr. Sieveking has done his work very well and has made a pleasant book in which to dip. Perused on a long sitting it may somewhat pall, but in such sippings as one of William Lawson's bees might take, it is, on foggy winter nights, most comforting and full of promise of the summer. The illustrations are well chosen and well produced.

Paris Letter.

(From our French Correspondent.)

THIS publishing season has not produced anything that may be described as a masterpiece. M. Anatole France has reprinted, in a charmingly illustrated volume, a series of profiles, under the title of *Chio*. Any age suffices. M. France has but to cast the witchery of his style over it, clothe it in the grace and charm of his temperament, and Bonaparte himself, who closes the series, becomes something as remote, delicate, unfamiliar, and poetical as the profile of the blind singer of "The Iliad," which opens it. But I have small hopes of M. France's next volume of contemporary history. As it develops in the *Figaro*, it reveals a meagre promise of comparing with the delightful trilogy beginning with the "Orme du Mail" and ending with the "Anneau d'Amethyste." M. Bergeret, transplanted from a morose and hostile town to Paris, is a less distinguished figure; and the chapters relating to the famous "Complot" might have been written by any clever journalist.

One of the pleasantest French novels I have read for a long while is by Marcelle Tinayre, who herself is a very interesting woman, witty and sparkling. She had already published a clever and original novel, called *Le Rançon*; but *Hellé* greatly distances this first work. The book is unfortunately named, as many a reader will be warned from opening it, under the wrong impression that it means something pseudo-Greek. *Hellé* is the name of a young French girl. She tells her tale charmingly, in the first person; and the story has a freshness, a spontaneity, an elevation rare in modern French novels. The girl has been brought up by an eccentric pagan uncle, like the Emperor Julian, an inveterate enemy of the Christian religion. *Hellé*, in the teeth of national prejudices, is allowed all the freedom of an English girl. She may come or go at will, unchaperoned. She is free to choose her husband when she has fallen in love with him. She is not allowed to have girl-friends, because the pagan uncle decides that all French girls are corrupted and spoiled in convents. So we have the singular figure in a French novel of a heroine who is a young girl; who is brave, intellectual; has initiative and ideas; has, above all, an ideal; can look men straight in the face, and hold her own in liberal converse; who is pure and loyal and upright; and never dreams of marriage until she falls in love. She goes about alone, and is all the better for it; and when her uncle dies she declines to take a chaperon, but continues to receive her friends just as she did while he lived. It is a brave and noble little tale; and if it could only help to bring about a revolution in the bringing-up of French maidens, we may be sure the popular novelists would find less food for their pornographic studies of French society; and the life of luxury, adultery, and vulgar display would have to make way for the triumph of a cleaner period.

"Gyp" continues to produce volumes with amazing facility; but they are all alike, and since she has fallen into politics, and, according to her latest profession of faith at the *Haute Cour*, is now a professional anti-Semite, she has said good-bye to wit and sparkle. Besides, no decent person can any longer feel the faintest interest in the utterances of a lady who boasts in court that the Baron Christiani's noble "coup de canne" at Auteuil enchanted her. We feel that the "Gyp" who delighted us has passed away, and the lady who has taken her place is unseemly, dull, barely intelligent, and hideously vulgar. *Les Femmes du Colonel* is not even readable. M. Loubet may sleep on both ears, as the French say. It is not "Gyp" who will rob him of his popularity: quite the contrary, such ferocious nationalists as "Gyp" and Rochefort help us to appreciate the brave and honest man who is the object of their vitriolic hate.

M. Pierre Loti begins to-day in the *Figaro* a description of his journey in the East. This opening chapter contains some wonderful effects of colours, of words chosen like jewels that scintillate, or that by their mere juxtaposition induce to reverie. M. Loti's art in word-painting is something of an intangible exquisiteness. He needs but barely a dozen lines to bathe the imagination in colour and a strange lovely atmosphere. It is not an art susceptible of analysis; it eludes definition, for it is neither robust nor classical. It is interpenetrated with an exotic charm and made up of impressionist-oddnesses which captivate as much as they surprise. Here is a sentence, fragile, full of grace and sadness, elusive as a fugitive memory:

Here in the old East of tombs, upon the dust of vanished humanities, the mournful feast endures unceasingly; only we forget it as soon as we return toward the north, and it is then a surprise, each time that we go back, to find it ever the same. Ever it shines over those same old gulfs, warm and languid, over those same shores of granite or sand, over those ruins, over that world of dead stones which here retains all the mystery of Biblical races and of mother religions—so much so that in our imaginations of a day it is associated, the mournful feast of colour with the antique sacred legends; and all these things together end by giving us the illusions of stability, of endurance almost without a beginning, not destined to have an end.

H. L.

Studies in Contemporary Style.

V.—“Literature and Journalism.”

THERE is a commonplace remark as to the difference between journalism and literature. “Oh, yes,” one often hears some wise person say: “it is good journalism; but it is not literature.” If one gave the wise person encouragement, he would disclose his understanding that writings of good style are to be found in books, and to be sought for among the newspapers in vain. Now, there is in this wise person's understanding a certain truth. If one were invited to find a specimen of perfect style within an hour, and had at one's disposal a first-class library and all the newspapers of the day, it is to the library that one would trust. That indicates the extent to which the wise person is a critic as competent as he believes himself to be; and it is not a great extent. It is only reasonable to assume that if we match all the writers of books in all time against the writers in the newspapers of a single day, the supreme merit will be found among the bookmen. In drawing a distinction between journalism and literature, our wise person, however, means much more than this. He means that the books of a single day are in respect of style better than the newspapers of that day. There he is wrong; and the measure of his erroneous understanding is much greater than that of his right one. Most books of a single day are of very bad style, and the style of most newspapers is very good.

Still, it cannot be denied that, whilst the writers of books are much less expert in style than journalists are, the journalists, as a class, have faults which are in a certain respect, by being general in the newspapers, peculiar to themselves. They have certain usages in phrasing which cannot be defended. A representative assortment of those usages may be compiled from the leading article in the *Standard* of Monday.—

Our troops suddenly found themselves, apparently without warning, assailed by a heavy fire from a number of Boers posted in an impregnable position.

The word *number* in that sentence recalls an absurd phrase which is constantly to be found in any journal of field sports: “Mr. So-and-So, fishing at Richmond, caught a large number of dace and roach.” Mr. So-and-So did

nothing of the kind. Neither he nor anyone else can catch a number, which is a mere abstraction. He caught the fish, and he caught them separately. If the reporter of his feat had said that Mr. So-and-So “caught roach and dace to a large number,” we could not well reprove the reporter, whose locution, though not definitive, would at least have been correct in thought. Similarly, the writer in the *Standard* would not have been wrong if he had said “Boers to a large number” or “a large body of Boers.” A number is impalpable. The word, therefore, should not be used to denote a material thing.

The force, according to some of the telegrams sent out late on Saturday, did actually succeed in withdrawing.

There we have two errors. Success cannot be qualified by actuality. Itself is actual. The word *actually*, therefore, was written merely for the sake of sound. The phrase *succeed in withdrawing* is very bad. If the writer had written that “the force succeeded in the endeavour to withdraw,” he would have been beyond reproach. As his sentence stands it is not less lamentable than that of our friend on the Thames, just alluded to, who, instead of being content with saying that “Mr. So-and-So caught many dace and roach,” must needs write that “Mr. So-and-So succeeded in capturing a large number” of those fish. It is not easy to explain in a few lines the inaccuracy of such a phrase; but perhaps we may find a way. If the sub-editor changed the reporter's phrase to “Mr. So-and-So failed in catching a great number of roach and dace,” the reporter would be shocked. Now, the phrase designed to denote success is as bad as that which would denote failure. If the reporter realises this, he will not write *succeeded in* followed by any present participle again; and the thought is worth the attention of the leader-writer also.

... The disaster to which General Gatacre refers occurred later on in the course of the march.

That *on* should not have been written. *Later on*, from the lips or the pen of an educated man, is as unbecoming as any grosser phrase spoken by a hooligan.

The Basutos and the Kaffirs of the Colonial frontier have been growing very restless of late under the widely-spread reports of Boer successes.

Of late is unnecessary: it is implied in the verb preceding. *Growing very restless* is a bad phrase. One may grow in restlessness; but what the writer meant to say is that the savages “have been becoming restless.”

A few miles further away, ministers of the Dutch Reformed Church have refused to provide Christian burial for the body of a Loyalist Volunteer.

There is an important distinction between *farther* and *further*. *Farther* denotes increase of distance; *further* denotes either the development of an argument or an increase of substance. In the latter case, it is used correctly, near the end of his article, by the writer in the *Standard* himself. “Lord Methuen,” he says, “is waiting for further supplies of stores and ammunition.”

Nothing could be better calculated to check this tendency than the spectacle of some hundreds of unwounded British soldiers sent to Bloemfontein.

As there was no calculation in the matter, the sentence should have begun: “Nothing would be more likely to check this tendency”. The error is akin to that which, in the *Reminiscences* of Sir Edward Russell, one of the *Academy* reviewers noted last week. *Bulks largely* is a bad phrase; *better calculated* is usually misapplied; and they are commonplace in the newspapers. At the same time, we may take the opportunity to say that locutions much more than a match for them in badness could be found in the “literature” as distinct from the “journalism” of the day.

E. H.

The Amateur Critic.

[To this page we invite our readers to contribute criticism, favourable or otherwise, of books new and old, or remarks on striking or curious passages which they may meet with in their reading. No communication, we would point out, must exceed 300 words.]

Stevenson and Hazlitt.

Of the many books which Robert Louis Stevenson planned and discussed with his friends in his correspondence there is none, perhaps, which would have been more valued than the biography of William Hazlitt. Whenever Stevenson refers to Hazlitt, whether in his essay on "Walking Tours" or in his letters, he makes one wish he would say more. This is what he writes to Mr. Hamerton:

I am in treaty with Bentley for a Life of Hazlitt; I hope it will not fall through as I love the subject, and appear to have found a publisher who loves it also. That, I think, makes things more pleasant. You know I am a fervent Hazlittite; I mean regarding him as the English writer who has had the scantiest justice. Besides which, I am anxious to write biography; really, if I understand myself in quest of profit, I think it must be good to live with another man from birth to death. You have tried it, and know.

If the qualification of a biographer is to understand his subject, Stevenson may be said to have been well qualified to write on Hazlitt. Mr. Leslie Stephen has given us a fine critical estimate of Hazlitt the writer, and the late Mr. Ireland's prefatory memoir to his admirable selection from the Essays, with its enforced limitations, is an excellent piece of biographical condensation, but the life of the essayist has yet to be written. The subject has been tried by many others, but no one has quite captured the spirit of Hazlitt. Had the details of Hazlitt's life, with his passionate hates and loves, been told by himself in the manner of his beloved Rousseau he might have produced a book which for interest would have rivalled the *Confessions*, but failing such a work one must deplore that Stevenson was not encouraged to write on the subject.

I. R.

An English Novel "à la Française."

To those who are acquainted with "Gyp's" novels and others of that class it will come with a little surprise to meet a novel in English which treads quite gingerly and with considerable restraint over some difficult ground. The story I refer to is *The Progress of Pauline Kessler*, and, although every character in the book is more or less objectionable by reason of the grossness of the objects pursued, the narrative is not without a certain charm in its mode of recital. The ultimate end sought by nine-tenths of the individuals introduced in the story is not to be mentioned in polite society, and yet the author has been able to use our clumsy English (in one sense only) as neatly as if he was writing in French. The volume is not for the young person, but as an instance where a book can be written in English without being coarse or vulgar in dealing with certain subjects it may be regarded as opening up possibilities for the English novel of the future, although, let me say within parenthesis, it is not to be commended.

D. S.

Where is "Dickens-Land"?

When first I came to London, I asked myself the question, Where is "Dickens-Land"? The phrase was familiar to me, and as my boyhood had been largely nourished on Dickens, so far as fiction formed a portion of my mental aliment, I desired to see whether the world he

depicted had its counterpart in London. I have been sadly disillusioned.

In *Notes and Queries* just now there is a discussion going on as to Mr. Percy Fitzgerald's *Pickwickian Studies*. I gather from it that there is a fierce conflict between Dickens-worshippers as to whether Muggleton is Gravesend or Maidstone. It appears to be admitted that Eatonswill is Ipswich; but I have more than "philosophic" doubts even on that point, for there seems to me to be little, if anything, in common between Pickwickian and English geography.

My range of observation at present is confined to London, and neither in the Strand nor in any part of North, South, or East London can I satisfactorily enact on the stage of my own inner consciousness any of the "fearful" and "wonderful" scenes which are described in *Nicholas Nickleby*, *Dombey and Son*, and other works of Dickens.

The other day I picked up in a London bookshop a volume entitled *A Guide to Dickens-Land*. Here at last I hoped to find assistance in exploring an "undiscovered country." In vain! The author could not direct me to the haunts of old Krook, the finder of the missing Jarndyce document, or of Bill Sikes, the murderous burglar, or of Montague Tigg, the gay swindler, or of Captain Cuttle, the persecuted mariner.

Mr. Percy Fitzgerald and his brother-enthusiasts should let "Dickens-Land" alone. The author of *Pickwick* must live in literature as a creator of "immortal grotesques."

D. F. HANNIGAN.

"Paolo and Francesca."

I have been given *Paolo and Francesca* this Christmas by one who knew that Stephen Phillips was my favourite of living nightingales or Shelley larks. How sweet, how slight, how charming it is.

But where is the tragedy?

An ancient story of sadness—and you end with the belief that all is well.

Young folk—dead! and yet all's well with them. Dear, dear!

SAPPHO SCOTT.

Memoirs of the Moment.

THE length of an obituary notice in the daily press is at the mercy of the merest chance. A man who dies when Parliament is sitting, or unexpectedly at an hour when the pages are already prepared for the machine, has a briefer record than that given to a man of less mark who dies with deliberation in an off season. But not even the pre-occupations of war time have deprived the Duke of Westminster's death of a conspicuous record. It is difficult, perhaps, to determine quite in what way his career had a special significance—the very difficulty the onlooker felt in defining precisely the attractions of the spare, ascetic-looking figure, particularly agreeable to those for whom he cared, but stubborn—and, if necessary, pugnacious—when his back was up against a combatant; mild-mannered and even meek of aspect, yet withal a man of will, of prejudice even. He was not only a very frank man, but a very fearless one. When his first wife (who was also his cousin) went into the witness-box on a famous occasion, and said of a servant that she was good enough to send on to a stranger with a good recommendation, but not to a friend, all the daily papers moralised on the selfishness of duchesses. The Duke, however, approved, and the saying may be taken as expressive of the general ethics of life at Grosvenor House and at Eaton Hall, where a certain cousinly exclusiveness lost nearly all its selfishness in its liberating candour.

A DUKE who was also the possessor of millions, who could therefore marry for love on two occasions, but who at the same time was never happier than when he signed appeals to the public in aid of charities—the character was rare and complex enough to present a study of some fascination. That his actions should always pass without criticism was impossible; but it was not always just. When, in disgust of Home Rule, he turned out of Eaton Hall Millais's portrait of Gladstone he did not give it away, he sold it; and there were hints at calculated penuriousness. The accusation had no meaning for him, to whom the money was a detail, but who would not have given to another what he thought worthless to keep for himself. If this falling out between the Duke and the politician was not one of which the sequel was a dramatic kissing again with tears, at any rate neighbourly relations were resumed through the peacemaking intervention of Lady Frederick Cavendish and others. The truth was, the Duke rejoiced in his dukedom. It was the only thing he cared for that any man had ever given him; and his, on the other hand, was the only dukedom Gladstone had created. To none other of his own sex had the Duke any ground for gratitude; and he grew weary as time went on of an estrangement which choked the exercise of a unique sentiment.

Two circumstances attending the Duke's death are worth a note. Having been unfriendly to Reform Bills at home—his one Parliamentary feat when he sat in the Commons for Chester as Lord Grosvenor was an amendment hostile to the Reform proposals of his own party—he did not feel any enthusiasm about the extension of the franchise at Johannesburg. The war worried him; he fretted under our reverses—the more so because his grandson and heir, Lord Belgrave, a very intelligent observer and reporter of passing history, was at Cape Town, on the staff of Sir Alfred Milner. The Duke was too unaffected a man to be easily taken by this pose or that of national self-sufficiency; and his root-distrust of popular clamour allowed him no confidence in the spirit underlying the applause of music-hall congregations. His sense of public and private duty deprived him, at the last, of that which proved to be necessary for his life. At seventy-four he wore his years lightly; and but for pneumonia—to which he had become a subject—he might have lived on. A winter abroad was an almost certain protection, and one which a whole army of his fellows long for, but lack the means to obtain. This man of many millions did not so far satisfy himself by seeking for more than his own land's share of sunshine. It was not that he aspired to deny himself that which others could not have; it was simply that the routine duties of life had become very binding on a man of conscience. A visit to his granddaughter, Lady Shaftesbury, in Dorsetshire, was his compromise. But there his old enemy had a fighting-ground on which he was able to secure an easy victory.

THE new Earl of Tankerville has been a great traveller by sea and land. Spiritual activities, as well as bodily ones, seem to be his, for, while he is popularly held to be an Evangelical of the Moody and Sankey type, who even met his wife at a prayer-meeting where they both sang hymns, he is set down as Lord Bennet in the *Catholic Directory*, among the list of bearers of courtesy-titles who have joined the ranks of Rome's recruits.

To its special memoir of Mr. Dwight Lyman Moody, the popular American revivalist, who died the other day at Northfield, Massachusetts, the *Daily News* devotes nearly two columns, as against the not illiberal single column given to the Duke of Westminster. That inequality is the measure of the enthusiasm raised of old in England by Mr. Moody's preaching and praying. His power was entirely that of his sincerity of manner as an exponent

of the Gospel. He was not an educated man, yet his triumph as a popular orator who dwarfed John Bright in his audiences was only one more tribute to the acceptability of the message of the Christian minister who speaks from the heart to the heart frankly, not from the head to the head. "The common people heard him gladly" might well be Mr. Moody's epitaph.

By the death of Mr. B. F. C. Costelloe, one of London's innumerable local legislators strives to legislate no more. Those who knew Mr. Costelloe in earlier years, even when he was at Balliol—he was still in the prime of his life when he died—undoubtedly predicted for him a career rather more extended than that which he actually filled. His always ready and generally appropriate sentiments, and the mellow voice in which he gave them expression, seemed qualities likely to carry a man far in the century of the platform. The fact that the platform has declined of late as an influence may have had some effect on Mr. Costelloe's chances; but even at the Bar, for which he seemed born, he made little or no progress—some say because of his want of a sense of proportion as to the importance of things, and others because he allowed himself to be distracted by his daily journalism, by his School Board business, and by his County-Councilloring. What might have been his fate had he entered the arena of Parliament one need not now guess. But a part of the pathos of his early death lies in the fact that those doors at which he had knocked unheeded seven times must at last, had he lived, have opened to receive him. He fought a hopeless fight against Mr. Goschen in Edinburgh; but at Glasgow he had a chance; so he thought he had once in Wiltshire; so also in Chelsea; and twice in St. Pancras, where, at a bye-election lately, he nearly did succeed in securing the seat. His claims on his party for a safe seat could not have been ignored at the next General Election. That thought was an agreeable one to him; and there was no suspicion of Death's intervention until he was told, about a month before his death, that he was the victim of an immediately fatal disease.

Mrs. MONEY-COUTTS, who died the other day at Stodham Park, Hants, was the senior by some years of her sister, the Baroness Burdett-Coutts. Dying at the age of ninety-four, she could recall the men and women who frequented her father's house in St. James's-square when George IV. was king. She saw the crowd of servants sent to Almarle-street to secure a Byron poem on the day of publication; and she was alert, within the last year or two, to the literary achievement of her own son, Mr. F. B. Money-Coutts. Her political memory was equally extended in its range, and she was, perhaps, the last living being who could speak with personal experience of the fact that Disraeli was one of her father's committee-men at a Westminster election in the thirties.

VULGAR he is not. . . . The sure test of vulgarity is that it debases whatever it takes note of. Dickens, on the other hand, cannot touch the commonest, coarsest detail of ignoble life, but at once it gains a certain interest and suggestiveness; it is seen from an unfamiliar point of view; and the mirth excited in us, boisterous as it may be, invariably allies itself with the kindly emotions. It would be easy to quote from jesters of a later day examples of the arid facetiousness which serves only to degrade its topic; neither in *Pickwick*, nor in any other of its author's volumes, will you come upon any such perversion of the gracious spirit of laughter. A note of the vulgar in drolling is its affectation of superiority; in Dickens we always feel a sympathetic understanding, a recognition of the human through whatever grotesque disguise.

From *George Gissing's Introduction to "The Pickwick Papers," Rochester Edition.*

A New Liturgy.

AN illuminating study of Ruskin by a French critic, M. R. de la Sizeranne, has just been translated into English, under the title of *Ruskin and the Religion of Beauty* (Allen), by the Countess of Galloway. The book contains three essays which appeared first in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and these have also appeared in book form in France. M. Sizeranne writes of Mr. Ruskin under three heads: "His Personality," "His Words," and "His Æsthetic and Social Thought." He is fully inspired by his subject, and with the instinct of an artist, M. Sizeranne begins with a typical and concrete presentation of Ruskin as a teacher.

"Some years ago I was at Florence on the 7th of March, which is the feast of St. Thomas Aquinas. In the cloisters of Santa Maria Novella, greatest of all Dominican churches, are certain frescoes by Taddeo Gaddi and Simone Memmi, representing St. Thomas in triumph surrounded by his consistory of the seven celestial and the seven terrestrial sciences. 'What better day than,' said I, 'to try and attain a sense of his contribution towards the schooling of human thought?' . . . Wishing to be alone, I went as early as nine o'clock, and found the cloister deserted. The freshness of the morning and the monastic calm of the place made it a delicious resort. The grass, ever fading yet ever springing, gleamed green through the old fourteenth-century arches. The sacristan, intent equally on my peace and his own pocket, had closed the door with a wealth of bolts. Long silences followed the occasional clashing of the bells. . . .

For some little time I had been sauntering along that pavement of tombstones, which fringes the *Chiostrì Verdi*, and I was approaching the Spanish Chapel, when a soft sound, rising and flowing, fell upon my ear, a murmur of words—speaking, reading—as in prayer. Had I been forestalled? Suddenly in the luminous shadow I perceived outlines of girlish forms, youthful with Giottoesque profiles, wearing sailor hats and little white veils, and all carrying bunches of mimosa in their hands. They were clustering together before the 'Triumph of St. Thomas Aquinas,' and one of them was reading:

'Optavi et datus est mihi sensus,
Invocavi et venit in me spiritus sapientiæ,
Et preposui illam regnis et sedibus.'

Then the voice resumed the English text:

'I prayed and the Spirit of Wisdom came upon me. . . . The personal power of Wisdom; the *σοφία* of Santa Sophia, to whom the first great Christian temple was dedicated. The higher wisdom, governing by her presence, all earthly conduct, and by her teaching, all earthly art, Florence tells you, she obtained only by prayer.'

She read on for some time, passing from eloquent generalisations on the necessity of discipline in human thought to minutest observations on the fingers or the hair of this or that personage in the fresco, noting where they were retouched, studying the attitudes and the draperies, contrasting the calm air and dignity of the figure of Rhetoric with the extravagant gestures of the common people of Florence—'They try to make lips of their fingers,' insanely hoping to 'drag by vociferation whatever they would have out of man and God.'

The audience listened intently, forming face with the precision of a Prussian platoon towards this figure or that, as the small red and gold book directed them. At times the voice rose even to invocation; the muffled strains of an organ sounded from afar, the faint perfumes of flowers were wafted by like incense, and, touched with shafts of sunlight, the golden-tipped mimosas shone like tapers in their midst. I observed that the pilgrims had stationed themselves on the very sepulchral slab of those Spanish Ambassadors who give the chapel its name; and the words

they were reading seemed like a tuft of flowers springing from the dust of the past. What then was this book? What this unknown liturgy? Who the priest of this Religion of Beauty? The sacristan, returning a moment, muttered a name—*RUSKIN*."

Our Weekly Prize Competitions.

Result of No. 14 (New Series).

LAST week we offered a prize of one guinea for the best translation, in similar length, metre, and rhyming scheme, of this poem by Alfred De Musset:

Mes chers amis, quand je mourrai,
Plantez un saule au cimetière:
J'aime son feuillage éploré,
La pâleur m'en est douce et chère,
Et son ombre sera légère
A la terre où je dormirai.

The best of many sent in is this, by Mr. H. A. Webster, 3, John-street, Portobello:

Dear friends, when'er I come to die,
Plant near my grave a willow tree.
I love its weeping branches nigh;
Its wan, sad leaves are dear to me;
And light, so light, its shade will be
Above the earth where I must lie.

Among other versions are these:

Dear comrades, when I come to die,
Set by my tomb a willow tree:
I love those leaves that grieve and sigh,
And their pale plumes are dear to me,
And very light that shade will be
Upon the earth where I shall lie.
R. M. W., Chiswick.

When mine among the graves you see,
Set there, my friends, a willow, weeping
Its leaves beloved, and, sweet to me,
Its fountain pale of foliage sweeping.
Then think me glad, and happier sleeping,
To know how light its shadows be.
W. L., Upper Tooting.

Comrades, whensoever I die,
A willow set my grave to keep,
I love its soft, pale livery,
And drooping boughs that seem to weep,
And lightly will its shadow lie
On the ground where I shall sleep.
H. C., Bocking.

When I am dead, dear friends of mine,
Beside my grave a willow place:
I love its weeping leaves, benign
And dear to me its pallid grace,
And lightly will its shadow trace
The couch of earth where I recline.
C. E. H., Richmond.

Friends, when I go at death's behest,
Plant o'er my grave a willow tree;
I love its downward-weeping crest,
Its tender green is sweet to me.
Light shall its shadow ever be
Upon the earth wherein I rest.
A. H. W., Westward Ho

Friends, when the grave your friend shall keep,
Go ye, and plant a willow near,
I love the leaves that bend and weep,
I hold their pallor gracious, dear;
Their cradle kind shall rock the bier
Where—earth to earth—I, too, shall sleep.
T. C., Buxted.

Old friends of mine, when I am dead,
And in the churchyard you have laid me,
A willow plant beside my head,
Whose weeping foliage ne'er affrayed me
The tender green I loved shall shade me
Whilst sound I sleep in earth's last bed.
W. E. G. F., Richmond.

Good my friend, when I am dead,
Plant a willow near my grave:
Sweet to me its drooping head,
For its pale, soft leaves I crave;
Lightly shall its shadow wave
O'er the earth that makes my bed.

[P. E. H., Mablethorpe.]

Replies received also from: E. C. M., Crediton; E. M. A., Oxford; F. L., London; T. S., Brighton; E. L. C., Redhill; C. S. M., Inverness; M. F. C., Dorking; M. A. D., Southampton; C. J. W., Shere; C. B. F., Bagshot; E. B., Liverpool; N. M., Aberdeen; W. W., Salisbury; A. R. B., Great Malvern; L. K., Folkestone; H. B. R., Bradford; L. M. L., Stafford; G. H., Uddington; A. H. B., London; C. M. W., Meltham; P. A. K., Dalkeith; G. M. W., Hull; F. W., London; E. S. P., Tooting; H. H. K., Warlingham; F. B., Cambridge; C. W., Sutton; C. E. C., Streatham; M. A. C., Cambridge; T. M., Oundle; O. O., Brighton; M. S., London; A. M. C., Bristol; R. K. R., Glasgow; A. V. M., Guildford; W. R., Nairn; F. H. B., Portobello; M. G. B., Belfast; C. H. B., Belfast; J. H. C., London; E. S. H., Bradford; P. A. B., Isleworth; P. W. R., Birkenhead; L. E. N., Ashford; F. G. C., Hull; J. D. A., Ealing; J. E., London; D. F. H., London; E. W., London; R. B. J., London; Miss H., Twyford; F. W., London; and T. B. (no address and no coupon).

Prize Competition No. 15 (New Series).

WE offer a prize of a guinea this week to the best set of mottoes to be placed on or over the doors of (a) a dining-room, (b) a music-room, (c) a library, and (d) a bed-room. They should be chosen from English authors and none should exceed two lines in length.

RULES.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, The ACADEMY, 43 Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Tuesday, January 3. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found in the first column of p. 772 or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. We wish to impress on competitors that the task of examining replies is much facilitated when one side only of the paper is written upon. It is also important that names and addresses should always be given: we cannot consider anonymous answers.

OUR SPECIAL PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

(For particulars see inside page of cover.)

Received this week: Boanerges, Wyvern.

New Books Received.

[These notes on some of the New Books of the week are preliminary to Reviews that may follow.]

THE COURTIER. BY COUNT BALDASSARE CASTIGLIONE.

Said Dr. Johnson: "Manners are best learned at a small Court. You are admitted with great facility to the prince's company, and yet must treat him with much respect. . . . The best book that ever was written upon good breeding, *Il Cortegiano*, by Castiglione, grew up at the little Court of Urbino, and you should read it." Castiglione's work was done into English by Sir Thomas Hoby in 1561. It is now put forth in the "Tudor Translations" with a scholarly introduction by Prof. Walter Raleigh; and the book has the solidity and grace peculiar to this series. (Nutt. 18s. net.)

FIFTEEN YEARS OF SPORT AND LIFE.

BY W. A. BAILLIE-GROHMAN.

This is the record of sport enjoyed by the author in visits, extending over fifteen years, to the Pacific slope of North America. "Sport such as I enjoyed in the seventies and early eighties is no longer to be obtained—nothing approaching it." Mr. Baillie-Grohman is a connoisseur of antlers, and his book is a mine of facts about the wapiti, the moose, the antelope goat, and other splendid game. Some of the author's photographs, such as "Civilisation's Progress: Collecting the Last Relics of the Bison for Fertiliser Manufactories," and an astonishing photograph of a "Salmon Run in a British Columbia River," are of great interest. Mrs. Baillie-Grohman adds a chapter on the conditions of domestic life on the Slope, with its

dependence on Chinese servants, &c. The practical issues of frontier life are touched up throughout the book, which is a matured personal record that will not disappoint readers of the author's earlier works, *Tyrol and the Tyrolese*, *Camps in the Rockies*, &c. (Horace Cox. 15s. net.)

WIMBORNE MINSTER AND CHRISTCHURCH PRIORY.

BY THE REV. THOMAS PERKINS.

This new volume in Messrs. Bell's "Cathedral" series gives us descriptions of these two fine Dorsetshire churches—Wimborne Minster and Christchurch Priory. Both houses are beautifully situated, and both have Norman, or partly Norman, naves. As in the other volumes in this really excellent series, there is an abundance of good photographic illustration. (Bell & Sons. 1s. 6d.)

SAINT CECILIA'S HALL.

BY DAVID FRASER HARRIS.

Scotland of the eighteenth century seems to be attracting students. The Rev. H. G. Graham's *Social Life of Scotland*, reviewed by us a few months ago, gave much information about the beginning of literary and musical life in Edinburgh; this book amplifies the musical history of the city. A pleasant compilation of biographical and topographical lore, rightly produced and illustrated. (Oliphant.)

MONTHLY STAR MAPS.

BY WALTER B. BLAIRKIE.

This star-atlas is constructed on an admirable plan. In each map half the heavens, as seen from Westminster Bridge, is depicted, together with the river and buildings according as the reader looks up or down the river, which at this point runs due north and south. The pictorial and educative effects are admirable. The time selected for observation is the first of each month, at 10 p.m. (Scottish Provident Institution.)

CHATTERTON.

BY DAVID MASSON.

This biography, originally issued in 1856 as part of a volume of collected essays, is now re-issued by itself after having been for a long time out of print. As in Prof. Masson's life of Milton, the reader will find much local and collateral lore, much patient excavation. (Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.)

RICHARD HOLT HUTTON.

BY JOHN HOGGEN.

We are glad to see that a second edition of Mr. Hogben's monograph on the late editor of the *Spectator* has been called for. In his Preface, Mr. Hogben talks of the question (for it has been made a question) whether Mr. Hutton believed in the Divine birth of Christ, and answers it in the affirmative. (Oliver & Boyd.)

THE ROSE GARDEN OF PERSIA.

BY LOUISA S. COSTELLO.

Persian poetry, in pages adorned with red filigree borders and illuminated titles—the whole very tasteful, and vaguely Persian, to the eye. To this new edition Mr. Joseph Jacob contributes an essay on Persian poetry. Those who wish to know Omar Khayyam and Hafiz in relation to Persian literature, and not as isolated figures, should study this careful and comely little book, where example and commentary abound. Not only Omar, "the Voltaire of Persia," but Sadi, Attar, Khakani, the Moolah of Rûm, and Scheik Feizi are represented. (Gibbings & Co.)

IN addition to the above, we have received:

MISCELLANEOUS.

Gwynn (M. L.), *A Birthday Book* (Methuen)
Morgan (W. A.), *The "House" on Sport* (Gals & Polden) 21/0
Demolins (E.), *Boers or English: Who are in the Right?* (Leadenhall Press) 1/0

POETRY, CRITICISM, AND BELLES LETTRES.

Dalmon (Charles), *Flower and Leaf* (Richards)
Ross (Dingwall), *Light Wines for Christmas and After* (Pefferesside Press, Dingwall) 1/0

NEW EDITIONS.

Dickens (Charles), *Pickwick Papers*, with Introduction by George Gissing. 2 vols. (Methuen) each 6/0
Masson (David), *Chatterton: A Biography* (Hodder & Stoughton) 6/0

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

Strong (Augustus H.), *Christ in Creation and Ethical Monism* (Roger Williams Press, Philadelphia, U.S.A.)

EDUCATIONAL.

Commercial Correspondence in German (Pitman & Sons)
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